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# THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE

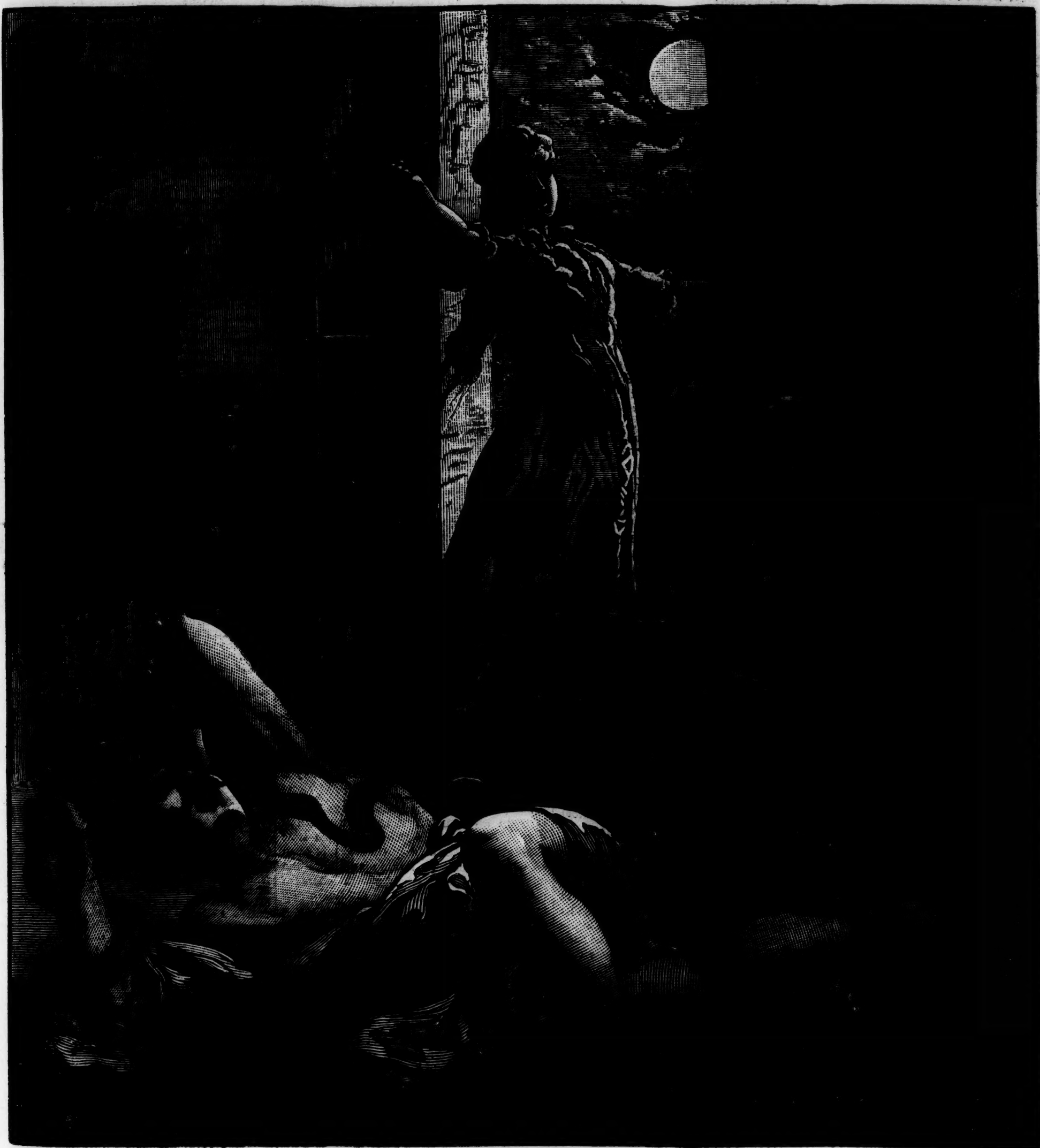
THE LEADING ILLUSTRATED SPORTING JOURNAL IN AMERICA.

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RICHARD K. FOX,  
Editor and Proprietor

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THE SERPENTS' VENGEANCE.

THE DIABOLICAL PENALTY INFLICTED BY A LOUISIANA GIRL ON THE LOVER WHO JILTED HER AND WAS NOT WISE ENOUGH TO KEEP OUT OF HER WAY AFTERWARDS.



RICHARD K. FOX, Editor and Proprietor.

POLICE GAZETTE PUBLISHING HOUSE,  
Franklin Sq. and Dover St., N. Y.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING  
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RICHARD K. FOX,  
Editor and Prop'r "Police Gazette."

#### THE GREAT TOM SAYERS' SUPPLEMENT.

Special copies of this magnificent picture, printed in eight colors, suitable for framing, will be mailed on receipt of seventy-five cents. No saloon, sporting rendezvous, barber shop or restaurant should be without one.

RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher.

DENVER, COLO., is asserting itself again. It claims a place among first class cities with a tip top social scandal. It's a cold day when Denver gets left in any of the modern improvements, you bet.

The parsons are taking another rest. Not so the sisters, however. The holy folks are simply covering their tracks better than usual—that's what the silence means. Oh, they can't fool us. We're up to all their games.

We've about come to the conclusion that Salini Morse is a "chump." What! with all the money he commands he couldn't get his play on the boards? He didn't know how to handle it—not the play, but the money.

It's almost time for another theatre fire. When it comes, look out for a general roasting of the "dear public," for no steps have been taken to assure the safety of audiences since the last broad warning was given by Providence.

FLIPPER, the darkey lieutenant, the colored graduate of West Point, who was fired out of our army for alleged irregularity in his money accounts with Uncle Sam, has turned up as a brigadier general in the Mexican army. Flipper has flopped to some purpose, it seems.

Well! What cheek! The blackmailers have actually conceived the idea of striking us—the POLICE GAZETTE. Well! If that isn't a good one! It's something like a Chinese pirate junk attacking a fully equipped man-of-war. Won't they be astonished—what are left of them—after we open fire?

RICHARD K. FOX will come out early as a prime factor in the sporting season this year. In addition to prizes offered in every field of athletics, he will be represented on the turf by his famous trotting mare "Police Gazette," which will go on the circuit in charge of the well-known trainer and driver, Hiram Howe.

How the wicked people did come to the front when contributions were in order for the sufferers by the western floods! And how the whining hypocritical churchmen did hang in the rear! That's always the way. The public begins to see that the POLICE GAZETTE has been right all along in its estimate of the truly good class.

The hanging season has begun early this year from New York to California. During this and the succeeding month the gallows is likely to groan under its horrible fruitage; not to mention the trees that are to bloom with over-ripe criminals brought out by that rare gardener, Judge Lynch. It's going to be a merry spring time and no mistake.

MORTUARY pageantry has cast a gloom over New York for a couple of weeks. The funeral pomp of the dead pugilist, Jim Elliott, made the sports "blue" enough indeed, but in its height came the hanging of the murderers McGloin and Majone, to cast a gloom over the entire public. Verily, Gotham has fallen into a very dark vale of horrors, indeed.

THE soldiers of the plains are going to have an easy Spring season. The wretched remnant of the Indian tribes haven't been geared to the war path, and the usual hunt of the noble red man will probably be omitted this year. If the parsons can be kept away from the Indian maidens during the summer, there is some hope of the establishment of permanent peace and morality among the tribes.

Isn't it about time for Bergh to convalesce and manifest himself. We knew the POLICE GAZETTE had laid him out pretty badly, but we didn't expect to kill him outright. We hope the old man will recover and come out again to make some more fun for us. We rather like the spirit of bowling him over at certain intervals, and we should surely feel bad if we were deprived of the exercise altogether.

AND now in the spring time when the seedy limb of the law cometh forth from his winter cave hungry and athirst for his bock beer, he bethinks him of a new racket. Straight hies he to the nymph of the stage and putteth up a job. He proposeth "on speculation" to strike the POLICE GAZETTE for a stake and whack up with the nymph! Wretched limb! Deluded nymph! It entereth not into their calculations that the POLICE GAZETTE may strike back vigorously and stand them on their heads in ridiculous attitudes. Hungry lawyer! Wretched serio-comic! Let us pity them for the rod they have put in pickle for themselves!

GREAT Caesar! What liars this world produces! The panegyrists of a dead New York millionaire who was famed for flopping down and praying at every opportunity during the day, have credited him with all the virtues. They say he was charitable, kind and forgiving. His office boy declares, however, "He was the meanest old skunk you ever see. He wasn't for giving anything; he was for keeping and getting more all the time." That boy has got the average good man of the churches down very fine indeed. The man who prays loud in business hours is the one you want to look out for in your dealings; if you don't you'll get skinned, sure.

TIMES must be bad in Brooklyn, when ex-Judges go around begging actresses to let them begin suits on speculation against the POLICE GAZETTE, on the representation that it is rich and will be sure to come down handsomely in a compromise to save trouble. We are sorry for the speculators in this field. They will starve, for we don't blackmail for a cent. Positively not one cent for tribute—millions for defense. The Brooklyn shysters and the blackmailing fraternity have a very tough citizen to deal with when they tackle Richard K. Fox. If they don't believe it let them ask Bergh and the moral legislature of Texas. All you've got to do is to call "time" and he's there.

Oh, yes—it's all our fault when any deviltry's afoot. Lay it on strong. Don't spare us. Attribute all the world's cussedness to the POLICE GAZETTE. But we circulate half a million copies every week, and we make our headquarters in a palace that is the envy of all our brethren, the religious journalists. If it is really the devil who is our patron he's a jolly, liberal old chap, now, you must agree, and a good one in a scrimmage too, for he sticks right by us and won't let us be downed by anybody—even the most moral and the loudest prayers of them all. Don't some of you painfully moral people wish you had the friendship of such a liberal devil as we have secured? You bet. And we're going to stick to him and let you howl in envious rage.

How these parsons do resent anything like an encroachment on their prerogatives! They have raised a howl against the comedian Stuart Robson for officiating in lieu of a preacher at Charley Thorne's funeral, and they will not let up. They are using all their influence to injure the comedian and are stabbing him in the back through the secular press. Through some cunning trick they have got their hooks into the New York Times, and that paper has begun to hound the comedian editorially. Come now—this has gone far enough. Is an actor to be condemned and driven off the stage because of his religious opinions or because of the lack of any religious opinions at all? We think this is a little too high ground for even the religious cove who works the morality racket for all it is worth on the editorial page of the Times to take. The whole public hasn't been quite preached into a state of idleness yet, and it might be as well to conceal the cloven hoof a little longer. The more arrogance the parson shows the greater will be the spread of infidelity. In this era Holy Joe has to sing small and claim absolutely no temporal powers or his flock is likely to stand him on his head and bolt. A word to the wise—or otherwise.

ST. LOUIS has come to the front so decidedly of late in the way of scandal cases of novel construction and sensational adjuncts that Chicago has taken a back seat. We begin to look for something new in the horrors of the love line every fortnight, and when we don't find it in St. Louis we feel disappointed and wonder what can be the matter with the girls of that gay city.

THE wives of the country are distinguishing themselves nowadays in close imitation of the deviltries of the mistresses of other times. It is nothing new to hear that a wife moving in high social circles is suspected of having made away with her darling hubby in order to make room in the household for her new mash, or to merely clutch the old man's life insurance boodle. The modern woman has knocked the romance and religion of marriage into everlasting smithereens.

HA! ha! Dr. Mercer, a Newport parson, was always begging contributions and pleading poverty. The other day he died and now it turns out he was worth over a million dollars. There was a man who lived a lie, and yet as he prayed and wore the robes of sanctity they consider him surer of a place in heaven than an honest actor, or a POLICE GAZETTE editor who doesn't hide his money away, but spends it in charity instead of hoarding it and playing mendicant.

THE way the Texas cowboy legislature was laid out in court by the POLICE GAZETTE is still all the talk in the Lone Star State. The way our able counsel pursued the hypocrites and enforced the acknowledgment of our rights was worthy of our paper. It was done in the regular POLICE GAZETTE style. Now then—wh's next? Where are these goody good people of other states who are anxious to try a fall with us? We're just primed for another taste of the same sort.

THE Lily has wilted since the papers all over the country dropped her and left her free to love and coddle Freddie without any remark. The pair have been going through all sorts of bold antics, but they can't attract any attention or draw any comment. The jig is up—the game is "busted"—and now that Langtry has been run to the one night stands of the barn-storming routes, it's no dead sure thing she will not be reduced to the necessity of walking home unless Freddie puts up the railroad fares and hotel bills.

It's the old story. We've doubled our circulation again, and the religious weeklies are howling because our clientele is more than five times their total issue. They are right when they say this is a wicked world; their great and losing mistake is to treat it as if it were a world of "chumps." It doesn't pay any longer to play the average citizen for a sucker. The only way is to be open and honest with him like the POLICE GAZETTE is. That's the way we do it. The main principle of our magic is squareness. How wonderful that these chaps can't learn this!

HALF a million circulation and still rising. That's the record of the POLICE GAZETTE. Match it, all of you sneaking, jealous rivals. Such figures are unparalleled, we know—but then the merit of the POLICE GAZETTE is unparalleled too. That's where Providence makes the equipoise in things. We couldn't attain such an extreme unless we had something extraordinary in us. If the world never heard of such an enormous circulation before it never before saw such an excellent journal as the POLICE GAZETTE. That's how the mystery is explained.

WITH our usual energy we are up and doing early in every field. At the first breath of Spring, delusive suggestion of the old time balminess, we bethink us of the season of open air sports and proceed to stir up the boys and dispel their winter languor with offers of prizes and honors sufficient to give them new incentives. For instance, we have ordered a series of valuable medals and other trophies, to be manufactured by D. M. Keller, the Jeweller, of John street, New York, after models we have furnished. These will be the POLICE GAZETTE trophies for the clubs, professional and amateur, and for the champion individual players of the crack nines. The offer of such prizes cannot fail to give a great impulse to the national game during the season about opening. We shall not pause at this, but shall add other prizes and trophies to be contested for by the players of the diamond field as the season progresses. Moreover, we shall make a prominent appearance on the turf and in the field of general athletics with prizes that will astound all beholders and stir up the latent energies that require the magic wand of the POLICE GAZETTE to bring them out. We have taken the field and we have never failed yet. When Richard K. Fox undertakes to stir up things, the procession is dead sure to move at a rattling pace and to develop unsuspected vitality.

## A POLICE TRAGEDY.

### An Officer Shoots a Roundsman in a Station House.

The Secret Jealousy of a Hunter's Point "Cop" Ends in an Awful Murder.

The Assassin Threatened With Lynching by the Furious Populace.

[Subject of Illustration.]

One of the most shocking tragedies ever perpetrated in Long Island City occurred at the first precinct station house at Hunter's Point, L. I., about half-past 11 o'clock on the morning of March 11. The station house was in charge of roundsman Richard Comisky and officers Jeremiah Connors and Edward O'Brien were on reserve with him. The three were conversing together, the roundsman being seated behind the desk, when officer Patrick Casey entered. He was in citizen's dress, having come off post at 2 o'clock in the morning. He passed the officers on duty and walked into a small room adjoining the one occupied by the roundsman and the other officers. He took off his overcoat and laid it upon a chair and a few moments afterward called officer Connors to help him fix his pistol. Connors found Casey standing by a table in the rear room with his pistol in his hand. He could not push the small rod fastening the barrel into position. Connors found some difficulty in doing it and O'Brien went in to help them.

He succeeded in making the pistol work and laid it upon the table and walked away. Both officers noticed that Casey was under the influence of liquor but he appeared sensible of what he was doing and rational in all his movements. Casey picked up his pistol and put it in the left hand pocket of a small blue cloth sack coat that he wore. He then without saying anything to his brother officers walked deliberately into the front room and standing close to the desk at which the roundsman was seated asked him why he kept following him around while he was on post. Comisky replied that it was to make him do his duty. Casey retorted, "Then I'm going to kill you," and raising his revolver, fired point blank at the roundsman. The bullet struck the officer directly beneath the right eye and he fell back in his chair stone dead. Officers O'Brien and Connors upon hearing the report of the pistol rushed into the room and seized Casey by the arms. He struggled a little to retain possession of the pistol, but Officer O'Brien wrenched it from his hands and the two forced the murderer into the rear room. Connor hurried for a doctor, while O'Brien kept guard over the prisoner. Dr. Burdett arrived in a few moments, but the roundsman was past all earthly help. Death was instantaneous, and when the doctor arrived the blood was slowly dripping from the ghastly wound, and forming a hideous pool beneath the chair on which the murdered officer sat.

Police Commissioner McGee lives within a short distance of the station house where the tragedy took place, and after calling the doctor Officer Connors notified the Commissioner of the tragedy. That official proceeded to the station house, and seeing that Comisky was dead placed Casey under arrest, and with Officer Connors took him to the county jail, as the cells in the station are unfit for use. The Commissioner asked Casey what he had done, and he answered, "I don't know what I've done."

On the way to jail the Commissioner said that Casey exhibited the most abject cowardice. He begged the Commissioner to protect him from harm and prevent anyone hurting him. Several times when some curious person ran towards the group to see who was under arrest, Casey jumped in front of the Commissioner to hide himself, fearing that they were going to lynch him. The prompt action of Commissioner McGee in removing Casey to the county jail was found to have been a wise precaution. The news of the murder spread through Hunter's Point with lightning rapidity and an immense throng soon gathered in front of the station house. Threats of lynching the murderer were freely indulged in, and a deep feeling of disappointment was manifested among the crowd when it was found that he was out of their reach.

City Clerk Moran, of Long Island City, a mutual friend, stated to an interviewer:

"Comisky was a tip-top fellow, and Casey was all right when sober. I can't understand Casey's motive for the deed. I know that some time ago he was offended because he was denied the detail of court officer when Comisky was appointed to the position. There was envy on Casey's part, too, when Comisky was put in charge of the Hunter's Point police during Sergeant McManus' illness. But this feeling seemed to have worn off and the men appeared to be on friendly terms thereafter. I have yet to learn what cause Casey had for enmity against the man he killed before I can find an explanation for the crime. I feel sorry for Casey's family. His wife went to the jail last night and he asked her what Comisky's condition was. She told him that he was very low, but would not say that he was dead. She said to me: 'I am a poor woman, with three young children to support and am haunted by the thought that my husband will be convicted of murder and made to suffer for his crime. I wish the result had been reversed; that Dick Comisky had killed Pat.'"

The jail authorities, too, kept secret the fact of the victim's death, saying they had not the heart to tell the prisoner the truth when he asked for information.

#### CAPTAIN YONKER'S MISFORTUNE.

Among those who attended the funeral obsequies of the late James Elliott, were Captain William Yonkers (Sandy Hook pilot), Michael Costello and Captain Joe Mouton. Captain Yonkers met with a misfortune after leaving his companions. The genial captain lost a fine watch, but will be presented with another.

# THE FEMALE SPORTS

OF NEW YORK.

BY ONE OF THEM.

## CHAPTER I.

THE FEMALE SPORTS OF GOTHAM.

"Sports!" says my highly esteemed reader. Yes, dear sir, or madam, as the case may be, sports. "And female sports!" Just so.

I don't know that there is any law forbidding the existence of a female sport, any more than a male one. If there is, then I can only say that I am, in my own person, a most flagrant violation of the law.

For I am a female, and a sport; and I am, moreover, not ashamed to admit it. Indeed, I am proud of it. If I were not, it would scarcely be likely that I would be writing to you here.

You may, or may not, believe me, as you choose, but neither your skepticism nor your confidence will alter the facts of the case. However, your opinion of me has nothing whatever to do with the work I have in hand, for I am not going to write about myself. Although I am a sport, I am a modest one—on paper at least.

Not that my own history would not be an interesting one, but there are others which you will find more so, and I believe in doing up for you the best I can command. If it does not please you you can pass it by. If it does you can send any testimonials of esteem you may desire to extend to me in care of this office.

It may be well for me to hint here that I am partial to diamonds, that my size of glove is six, that I prefer my wine extra dry (not American) and that I never smoke anything but Russian cigarettes.

You see we female sports are luxurious in our tastes. We believe in enjoying life, because we believe it was made to enjoy. Anybody who doesn't is welcome to his or her opinion. It may agree with them, but it would not with us.

You are probably anxious by this time to know what a female sport is like, anyhow. But don't be too impatient. You will learn enough about her before you get through. Many a man has already, and many a man will in the future. For she belongs to a race which will never die. As long as there are men and women there will be sports. It is in human nature. The only thing which will ever alter it will be the conversion of the whole world into that condition of universal moral excellence which is supposed to constitute a millennium.

But to return to my mutton—or rather to my more or less lost lambs.

I want to understand from the start that every man and woman I write about in this book is a real live one. I could invent fictitious characters if I wanted to, but I have no need. The real life of the female sport is too prolific of romance to render a call upon the invention necessary. The proverb says "truth is stranger than fiction." If the truths I am going to tell don't prove it I am willing to never give credit to a proverb again.

I don't know that the heroes and heroines of my real life romances will all thank me for embalming them for the benefit of the POLICE GAZETTE's millions of admirers. Some doubtless will. Others, equally certainly, will not. But I can't help that. I never heard of any man or woman who could please everybody. If I please my readers I will take chances on the rest.

For the benefit of those who don't like it let me tell something that once happened to myself.

I once had a very dear friend who was in the newspaper business. A great many of you know him, for he was a him. I don't believe in lady friends. He used to make certain columns of the POLICE GAZETTE sparkle like diamonds with his wit and humor, and he was very fond of ringing me into his pictures of real life. One day I expostulated with him and he said:

"Pooh! pooh! My dear Julie, if you don't want to get into print don't be so delightfully wicked. Reform and I'll drop you."

I didn't reform. The inducement wasn't sufficient. I can only say to any lady or gentleman who may object to what I write about him or her, as my friend Paul Prowler said to me over that lunch at Judge Smith's, where we emptied the half dozen of Mumm I won from him by turning a handspring without showing more of my ankles than he could make the acquaintance of on a muddy day:

"Reform and I'll drop you."

Or rather:

"Reform and I'll say it wasn't you."

I don't think any of them will accept the alternative. The fact is that, as in my case, the inducement isn't sufficient. There will have to be some more tempting set offs to champagne suppers and opera balls invented than are known to exist first, and I fancy that problem is one which will baffle even modern science.

The fact is a female sport is born, not made. It is temperament which makes her what she is; circumstances only fit themselves to the temperament. Champagne suppers were not invented till nature had made people to eat them; opera balls were only got up when there were people to make them lively.

I might go into a long dissertation to tell you how a female sport is made. But I don't intend to. In every history which follows she will speak for herself. She is well able to, as her biographies, one and all, will prove.

But there is one fact I would like to impress on you here: that is, not to judge her till you have studied her, for if you pick her out for what she is not you are going to be most severely left.

And if you are, you will not be the first man who has been, nor the last who will be. It is a way she has, and a way she enjoys exercising. Her

supremest pleasure in life is in making sport of men, and the more readily they lend themselves to her purpose the more heartily she uses them for that end.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## A MARRIED MAN IN A MESS.

Unconsciously Mashing a Young Girl, She Fires Herself at Him and Makes Lots of Trouble.

There is in Denver, Colo., just now, a remarkable case of love gone zigzag and pure affection all in a tangle and a snarl. The parties to this remarkable affair are Calvin Pratt, a prosperous young married man, a civil engineer, who does a profitable business and socially counts his friends by the dozens, and Miss Clara Hill, daughter of George W. Hill, a prominent lawyer, residing at 408 Clarkson street, Denver. Miss Clara is handsome, sprightly and nineteen. About Feb. 1 she was introduced to Mr. Pratt by a married lady of her acquaintance. She was immediately mashed but how badly Pratt had no notion.

One night about the middle of February, while he was in his office alone, Clara burst in and threw herself into his arms saying she was ill-treated at home and had come to him for protection. He sent her home in a carriage but she appeared again the next day and informed him if he did not provide a room for her she would enter one of the sporting houses on Holladay street, as she was determined to live away from home.

Pratt, whose version this is, says he had every reason to believe she would carry her threat into execution and therefore he furnished her a room and got her employment as a copyist. He visited her occasionally but he says it was only to see how she was getting along. He was met there one day by her father, who had a warrant for her arrest and wanted to take her away. Pratt resisted, there was a fight and on Feb. 24 the whole scandal came out in the Denver Tribune which published the following version given by the angry father after he had secured his daughter and lodged her securely at home:

He said that his daughter was of a wild, capricious nature and that he and his wife had had a great deal of trouble in trying to control her. He also said that the girl was not right in her mind and that Pratt had taken advantage of this fact. Mr. Hill said that Mr. Pratt called upon his daughter as an unmarried man might be expected to do and showed her the ordinary civilities. When he found that he was a married man he forbade him the house and that after that time she and Pratt had frequent clandestine meetings. He believed from first to last that it was his intention to ruin her. He said that Pratt had placed her in a room on Arapahoe street and had been keeping her there until he found her and took her away. At the father's request the matter was suppressed by all the papers at the time and it was thought the affair was ended.

As soon as he got his daughter in his possession Mr. Hill began making preparations to send her away, meanwhile keeping her secreted. On Saturday morning, Feb. 17, he placed her on board a Denver & Rio Grande train in charge of Mr. Jim Duggan, brother of the constable, and a young man who was selected to take her east.

Pratt soon heard of her departure and telegraphed to Topeka for her arrest upon her arrival at that place. She was seized and taken off the train by a deputy sheriff. Mr. Pratt followed on the next train. At last accounts he was in possession of the young lady and on his return with her to Denver. The war therefore has only just begun.

## AN EGYPTIAN MURDERER.

Stephen P. Mirzan Brought to America to Serve a Life Term.

[With Portrait.]

The United States war vessel Nepesic, which arrived in New York Feb. 25th, brought to this country Stephen P. Mirzan, the naturalized American citizen who murdered Alexander Daham, the Khedive of Egypt's confidential adviser, in the streets of Cairo, on July 17, 1879. After living many years in New York city, it seems Mirzan went to Egypt toward the end of the sixties and in time was engaged by the Egyptian authorities to negotiate with the view of effecting a reduction of interest in favor of the Khedive. He accomplished his purpose and received a pension. This stopped, however, and, becoming embarrassed, Mirzan sought the Khedive's private lawyer and confidential agent, Alexander Daham, and offered to take one month's pay in full settlement of the business. Daham promised to settle the matter, but instead of doing so, according to Mirzan, obtained the money from the Khedive and put it into his own pocket.

Weeks and months rolled by and the unfortunate Greek and his large family were brought to the verge of starvation. One day Mirzan met Daham in the streets in Cairo and reproached him bitterly for his conduct. One word led to another, and the two men at length came to blows. Mirzan being about to succumb drew his pistol. Daham fled through a corner bookstore, was closely pursued by his assailant, and as he passed out of the second door was shot in the back of the head, the ball coming out of his forehead. Mirzan was arrested by the Egyptian police, and would probably have been summarily tried by a native court and executed had he not made good his claim of American citizenship and secured a trial before a United States Consular Court in Alexandria, consisting of the Consul as judge and a jury of six American citizens. The accused was defended by able counsel but was nevertheless condemned to death, and only the intercession of United States Minister Horace Maynard, who, after a useless appeal of prisoner's counsel to the California United States Circuit Court, induced President Hayes to commute the sentence to life imprisonment, saved Mirzan from the gallows.

The prisoner was taken to the Albany penitentiary March 1st where he will serve his sentence.

## PRETTY TURNS OUT PRETTY BAD.

On Feb. 23 Barbara M. Pretty commenced divorce proceedings in Decatur, Ill., against her absent husband, Albert P. Pretty. The twain were married and departed for Champaign, where they put up at a hotel. The next day, it is stated, Pretty made a flimsy excuse and got possession of \$160, which the young wife had laid by for use in trying times. After Pretty gained possession of the cash, which was the next day after the marriage he deserted the young wife in a strange city and has not since been seen in the neighborhood or heard of. The deserted wife went back to Maroa almost heart-broken.

## STAGE WHISPERS.

More Deviltry Emanating From the Slimy Pool of the Drama.

MR. HICKEY is putting on a good many airs with his Cosmopolitan Theatre, but we opine his loudness is more in the nature of whistling to keep his courage up than the natural jubilation of plethoric success. Wait till next season and perhaps Mr. Hickey may sing small.

THE funny journalists invented a story that has gone the rounds of the press to the effect that Freddie Gebhard has made a contract to manage Langtry next season. Of course there is no truth in it. You must rely on the POLICE GAZETTE for genuine news, with nothing exaggerated and "naught set down in malice."

THAT Corsican Brothers traveling show is dwindling in talent considerably on the road. What is Stetson giving us? Isn't it a cheek to return the caravan to New York and plant it in Niblo's Garden with such wretched substitutes for the artists who made the piece endurable at Booth's? If you suppose that the public doesn't notice these things you were never more mistaken in your life, old man.

OLD Slime rejoices that the Eel has got a policy "gig" on the public at last—the last adaptation from the German at Daly's being named after a famous nigger combination of figures that hit the "poko-moko" heavy and enriched Thompson street. Well, the members will hit again and will again enrich something off color—for old Slime isn't a white man, every one will agree.

KISSES still resound from the dressing room of one of the ladies of the Bijou Theatre in New York. The noisy osculation begins when the call boy summons "all on for the first act." A male member of the company is so superstitious as to believe that his success with the audience depends on his kissing a certain young woman in her dressing room every night, before facing the public. This charm may bring good luck one way, but we're betting it will bring bad another.

ONE of the worst plays we ever saw is "Ranch 10," a virulent melodrama on which Harry Meredith is wasting his talents. He is a vigorous, heavy man, and his attempts to portray a sucking of romance in a ridiculously weak piece are melancholy. Why doesn't he drop it? Surely he has the sense to know he is bad in it and must be aware that there is nothing in the play. Why does he persist if not out of pure cussedness alone?

JOE WHEELOCK is to be the successor of Charles Thorne as leading man of the Union Square Theatre. Joe is the only man who could fill the place acceptably. He is an accomplished artist, a gentleman with a clean record and all his instincts are those of a man and not of a "mascher." Palmer has at last got some sense. We advised him three months ago to secure Wheelock but we didn't think the glary-eyed Sphinx really knew enough to take our advice.

ED. STOKES is not going to build a theatre. There is a morning paper in New York trying to run up a circulation by printing bogus dramatic items of this sort. Such a policy is not likely to prove profitable in the long run. Much better to imitate the policy of the POLICE GAZETTE in dramatic affairs—speak the truth fearlessly and without favor. There is plenty of news to be gathered about the theatres without inventing lies to fill space and attract attention.

PREPARATIONS are making for a return to the old policy of running a summer season at the New York theatres. The bottom has been knocked out of Coney Island by its bad management and its beer thievery. The people will not rush down to that wretched beach to sniff dead horses and the miscellaneous offal of the metropolis. The beer gardens and the cool theatres of the city will have a chance once more and we are glad of it.

THE metropolis must be growing religious, for Lent has cut down the audiences more considerably during the past few weeks than it ever did before in the past five years. Does this mean that Holy Joe has really got the bulge? Not much—only that the best masques are to be found in the churches and that Lothario finds it more piquant to haunt the church doorways at nights than to disport in the theatre lobbies. That's what it means.

THERE was a lively time at Joplin, Mo., on Feb. 23 among the Fay Templeton Opera Troupe. The tenor of the troupe is J. C. Armand, a thorough mascher. Two of the chorus girls, Leone Du Ville, who plays Marie in "Olivette," and Carrie Wing, the *Rigolette*, were dead gone on him and hated each other accordingly. On the night in question the young actor escorted Leone to the hotel. As she entered the hallway leaning on the arm of her Armand Carrie confronted and went for her. A terrific fight that alarmed the whole house ensued. The women made ribbons of each other's clothing and four men had difficulty in separating them and keeping them apart. The young man who had been the cause of the hostilities disappeared early in the fray, leaving his masches to fight it out. A great scandal prevailed in Joplin in consequence. The drama hasn't been dignified in that vicinity by these events, but the POLICE GAZETTE has been verified again and the people begin to see that all it has said about the "perfesh" is frozen fact.

THE dramatic husbands who have survived through several seasons and who are respectively established in beatific state at the tail of a dramatic combination, have not an altogether happy existence. Imagine, for instance, the life of a man compelled to endure the wry faces and complaints of a partner who keeps all her smiles and sweetness for the public—a woman who, wedded to art, holds her human husband as merely the eunuch body guard of the temple in which she has been established as a deity. In the home of the actress the husband is not of as much account as her newest stage wig and he is not as well cared for as her costumes. Poor dramatic husbands, they should get their reward hereafter for what they are suffering now in merging themselves so completely among the inferior "props" of their artistic wives. Noble self-sacrifice! They are fading away and losing their identity so completely that when they die they can be identified only by the inscriptions on their tombstones. "He was the husband of the charming actress, Miss—" Glorious future opening for the Benedict of the stage door and the "make up" satchel.

THE curs who run about the boudoirs of ac-

trices and lick the boots of managers are dreadfully jealous of the POLICE GAZETTE. We cannot be purchased. We will not accept free tickets to the shows. We will speak the truth and there is no way of buying us off. These people have absolutely no hold on us. We do not criticize for blackmailing purposes. We do not aim at amorous favors from actresses; we do not want our name put on the payrolls of the theatres. We stand in an absolute and honorable position as a critic. We occupy the field that James Gordon Bennett was always threatening to establish his employees in in relation to the stage—a position of absolute independence and manliness purchased with the paid-for tickets that merged the critic in the mass of the public and made him one of that body. The theory of the great journalist, as put in practice by us, is a great success and justifies his reputation for wisdom and journalistic foresight. The last desperate manoeuvre of the horrified managers and the subsidized critics who fear our policy will prevail and they will be cut off the payrolls of the theatres, is to start a lot of snide lawyers around on a hunt for some actor or actress who has reputation enough to go into court in a suit against the POLICE GAZETTE. They snarl and whine and howl but they haven't done anything more than threaten.

EBEN PLYMPTON has returned to this country from England where he played for some months in support of Booth. He was given some little justice at last, but the general tenor of criticism was against him. That the prejudice was unjust we can see for ourselves. Compare the young American, for instance, with anything that the English stage offers for our inspection—anything in Wallack's or in the Wyndham company for instance. Eben returns a better American than ever. He says from the time he started in the English steamer until the voyage back he heard nothing but invectives and slurs at America. The American snobs and snides who cross the water coincide in decrying the country, and a sensible young fellow like Plympton would be pretty likely to be made sick by such an experience. There are those who have mistaken Plympton for an Englishman by his Boston "cawnt" and "shawnt" dialect, but if you talk with him since his trip across the water you are likely to find him panning out a most rabid American of the true blue Yankee description. That's what travel does—it takes the darned nonsense out of our young men. It's a pity all the prominent youngsters of our stage couldn't take a trip across for similar educational purposes.

MINNIE CONWAY, having stirred up a dramatic and social stench by rattling poor old Levy and making him figure ridiculously in court and in the papers, withdraws her suit and retires to enjoy the free advertising she has gained. Poor Levy who begun not only to talk pistols but to use them, has been cowed completely by this pretended legal business. The feint was a clever strategic move on the part of Minnie and her victory has been complete. She is free to pursue her professional career without any leaks on the part of her horn-blowing husband. Before he again invades boudoirs armed with pistols and claiming exclusive privileges there, he will be reminded of the threatened legal proceedings that showed him just where he stands and what his exclusive privileges really amount to. People who were puzzled by the apparently idiotic nature of the proceedings in which a wife sought to prove herself not a wife and tried to hunt out the first spouse and prove her divorce no good, will select the nigger on the fence in our presentment of the case. Levy had turned "cussed," was ranting around asserting his rights and wanted to rule out every other fellow who wanted to tender any gentlemanly attentions to the lady who has been disposing of his salary for him for some years. Minnie got free advice from the small fry lawyers who cluster about actresses, and taking the pointer she faced the music of public scandal and put the extinguisher on her Levy. This is the true inwardness of the whole case. The proceedings were evidently intended to settle the mooted question of Levy's marital standing and authority. He is relegated to a back seat with the other theatrical husbands, and the regular order of things is not marred by the revolt of the tooter.

## THE SERPENTS' VENGEANCE.

[Subject of Illustration.]

The old haunt of Blackbeard, the pirate, Barataria, recently figured as the scene of a tragedy as romantic as such a place deserved. A planter named Dubois, a Creole of considerable wealth, had for some years sustained relations of the closest intimacy with an octoroon girl. About two months ago he returned from a trip to New Orleans bringing with him a woman whom he had met and become fascinated with there. The octoroon was supplanted but her lover still retained a casual intimacy with her until ten days back. Then the servants missing him from his own house sought him in that of his ex mistress. They found him dead on the floor of her bedroom, with every evidence of having succumbed to the most frightful agonies. The octoroon had vanished. An examination of the corpse by a surgeon developed the extraordinary fact that it was covered with wounds which the doctor declared were made by the fangs of snakes. A judicial investigation brought out the additional fact that the octoroon had hired a hunter to snare a number of venomous serpents for her and that he had delivered them to her secured in a stout basket. The basket was found in a corner of the room. It is asserted that the woman, having been visited by her recreant lover, who intended to spend the night with her, had taken that opportunity to avenge herself by turning the contents of the basket loose upon him. However this may be, Dubois is certainly dead, and his whilom mistress is among the missing. If the story is not true it is a good one to tell—to the marines.

## SHE SAVED HER PET.

[Subject of Illustration.]

A very spicy divorce suit is now on in this city between a man named Martin and his wife, a variety performer of some little notoriety. The husband, who is the applicant, alleges as offences neglect of the first duties of maternity, as well as that of the chief duty of a wife. One of the specifications reads as follows: "And that said woman, on the occasion of a fire at a theatre in Chicago, where she was engaged, wilfully and deliberately left her dressing-room with her pet dog in her arms and abandoned her only child to the flames, said child having been only rescued from a dreadful death by the heroism of a wardrobe woman."

If this story is true there can be no doubt that Mr. M. is entitled to a divorce, whether he gets it or not.

**Maurice Vignaux.**

Maurice Vignaux, the stalwart French billiard expert, has arrived in New York. We trust that he will receive more courtesies than were extended by his countrymen to Slosson when the American crossed cues with Maurice in Paris. On that occasion the Parisian admirers of Vignaux behaved like rowdies and he himself was anything but a personification of French politeness. As America furnished a champion to defeat him on his own ground, so may it through the men he will meet teach him to accept defeat or win fresh honors gracefully.

Vignaux is thirty-eight years old and is over six feet in height, weighs over 200 pounds and was born in Ismathan, France. Some twenty years ago he began to loom up as a billiard player at Toulouse; in 1872 he turned up in Paris as an expert. In November, 1874, he won the three ball championship of this country and had a tournament prize of \$1,351.44. The men who fell before his victorious cue were the Dions, Ubassy, Daly, Ed. Daniels, Slosson and Garnier.

He followed up his success by defeating in matches: Cyrille Dion by a score of 800 to 722; Joe Dion by 600 to 538; and Rudolphe by 600 to 556 and by 600 to 526. Subse-

**DROWNING OUT A TRAMP.**

A SAN FRANCISCO BARKEEPER MAKES A MISS WITH A SIPHON OF SELTZER AND HITTING THE WRONG PARTY LOSES A GOOD CUSTOMER AND A FORTUNE.

**GEO. W. DAWSON,**

FUGITIVE FROM JUSTICE, WANTED AT NEW PHILADELPHIA, O., FOR A REWARD.

quently he defeated Cyrille Dion again by a score of 600 to 513. Joe Dion however retrieved his defeat by vanquishing Vignaux for a purse and Vignaux was also beaten by Ubassy and Joe Dion again in the first of a series of tournaments that took place in 1875-76. He subsequently forfeited the championship to Garnier, although the payment of the \$250 forfeit money was not insisted on. Garnier subsequently met and defeated Vignaux by 600 to 258. In the second tournament, which was the last he competed in in this country, Vignaux got but second prize and was deprived of the championship on a technicality.

The most persistent adversary Vignaux ever met was Slosson. In 1876 the American tried to recover the Collender cup from Maurice but was defeated by a score of 600 to 450. In 1880 Slosson crossed the ocean and was again defeated by a score of 4,000 to 3,119. Near the end of 1880 for the third time Slosson lost, the score being 3,000 to 2,961. In 1881 a contest which lasted five nights in Paris terminated in Slosson's favor, the score being 3,000 to 2,553. Per-

**MAURICE VIGNAUX,**

THE CELEBRATED FRENCH BILLIARD EXPERT.

severance and pluck won. On Monday, March 5, Vignaux and William Sexton gave an exhibition game at the billiard rooms, No. 948 Broadway. Vignaux won easily, the score being 300 to 141.

**George W. Dawson.**

The subject of this paragraph is accused of having "got into" the shrewdest merchants and dry goods men of Chicago. He is said to have stocked his stores at their expense, and made away with the proceeds. Twelve thousand dollars is the sum he is said to have got away with at one swoop. Then he took refuge in Ulrichsville, O., where he was run down by the Chicago detectives. On Feb. 20 he was arrested at Ulrichsville on a requisition from the governor of Illinois. The charge was obtaining credit on false pretences. Sheriff Geo. W. Goudy, of Tuscarawas county, took him to New Philadelphia, O., where he

**STEPHEN P. MIRZAN,**

AN EGYPTIAN MURDERER BROUGHT TO AMERICA FOR LIFE IMPRISONMENT.

**PAES LEME,**

A BRAZILIAN DEFAULTER ENTERTAINED BY NEW YORK IN LUDLOW STREET JAIL.

went to Brazil when only four years old and is connected with some of the richest and most influential families of Brazil. His uncle is a baron. To a POLICE GAZETTE reporter he said:

"I never stole that money. My head was not right one day and I paid out \$50,000 by mistake to a stranger."

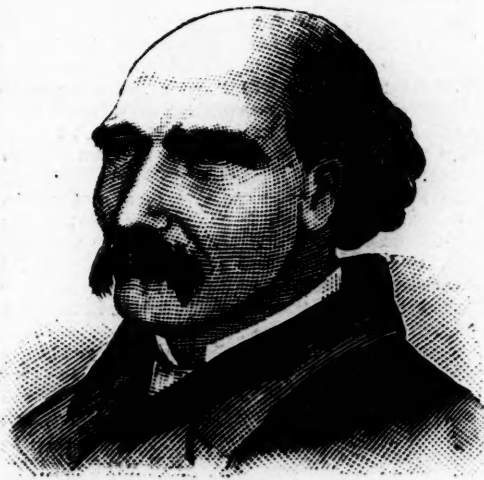
**Dropped on Himself.**

George Rogers, aged twenty-nine years, while trying to escape from No. 437 Broadway, New York, where he had committed a burglary, fell from the 2d to the 1st floor of the building and fractured both legs. He didn't get away with anything—not even himself, and they now have him in St. Vincent's Hospital, doctoring up his legs so that he can stand before the court at the next session.

A LADY in Norwich, Conn., 72 years of age, has just begun to take lessons on the pianoforte, greatly to her own pleasure, however it may be with the other members of her household.

**ISAAC LEHMAN,**

A RICH NEW YORKER WHO LATELY DISAPPEARED MYSTERIOUSLY.

**RICHARD PATTON,**

ACCUSED OF HIRING BOGUS BONDSMEN TO PERJURE THEMSELVES.

## Two Plucky Blacks.

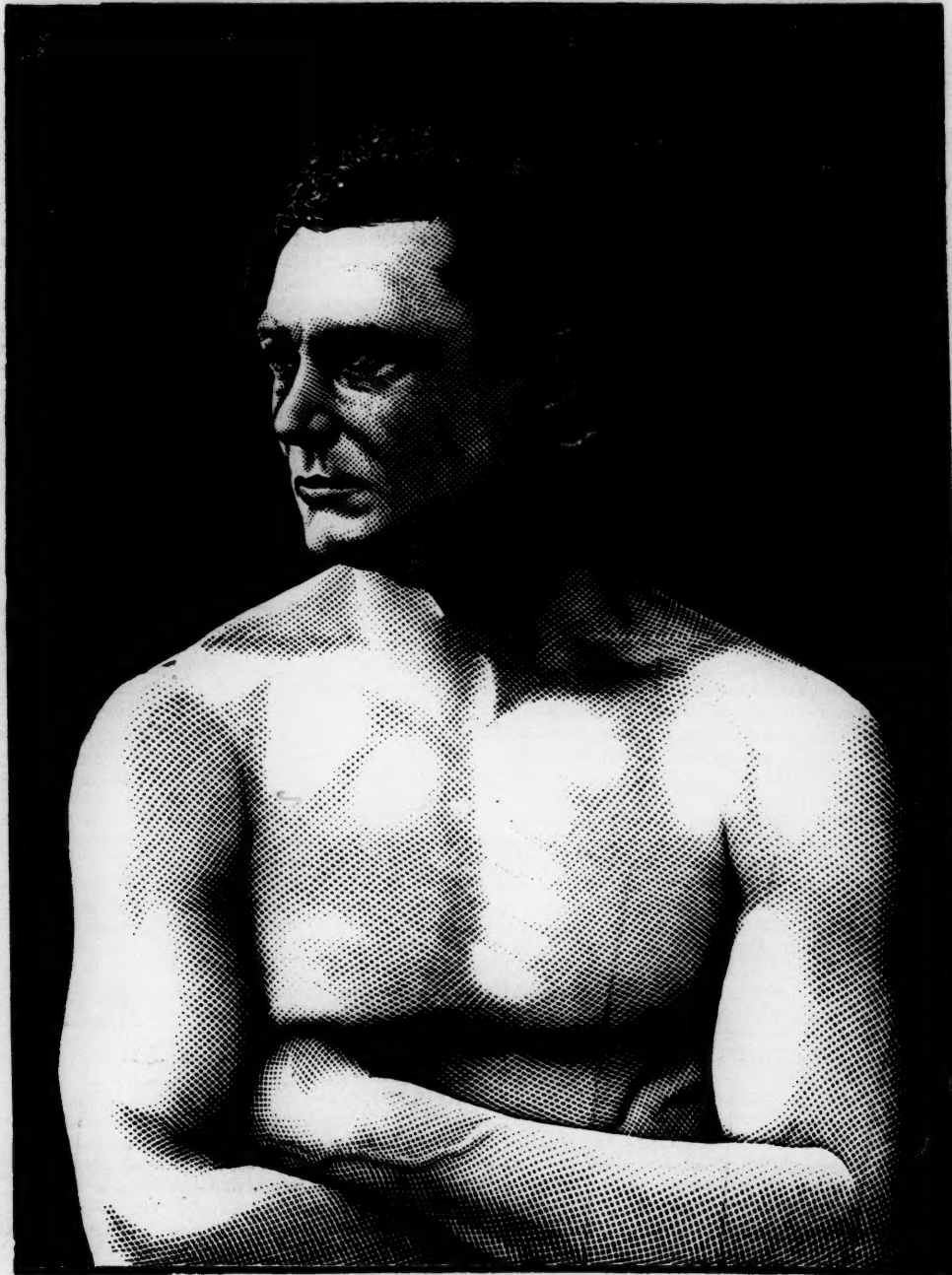
A terrible battle took place in a left in the central part of Troy, N. Y., on March 7, between two colored heavy-weights. Hard gloves were used, and the fight was governed by the new rules of the London prize ring. The principals were Steve Williams, of Troy, who some time ago gained notoriety by knocking out the colored champion of Albany, and Frank Woodson alias the "Black Diamond," who was brought from Cincinnati recently by Richard K. Fox to compete against Charles Hadley for the POLICE GAZETTE medal representing the heavy-weight colored championship of America. Woodson made a game fight for the medal, but when he met Hadley he was not in condition, having had no time to train for the contest.

In the last affair—that with Williams, at Troy—the stakes were \$200 a side and the door money, \$2 being charged for admission. A man named Lester was chosen as referee. Tom McAlpine, of New York, seconded Woodson, and two Troy sports did the honors for Williams. Woodson entered the ring bare to the waist, while Williams kept on his shirt. Woodson weighed about 175 pounds and stands 5 feet 9 inches, while his opponent was two inches shorter but weighed 20 pounds heavier, and possessed great muscular development. From the commencement Woodson exhibited the greater science, but his opponent, though not as scientific, was a thoroughly game man.

In the first, second and third rounds Williams forced the fighting, rushing at his opponent desperately and clinching him as soon as possible, forcing him heavily to the floor. In these three rounds Woodson received the most punishment. In the fourth round Woodson changed his tactics, being more cautious and waited for an opening. He at last made a feint with his right and landed heavily on Williams' face with his left, knocking him clean off his pins. In a subsequent wrestle he got Williams' head in chancery and punished him severely. Williams again tried his wrestling and caught Woodson by the legs and tried to throw him, but they were separated by the referee, who cautioned Williams not to repeat the attempt.

The next was a desperate round, the men slugging each other in a terrific manner in the clinch. After breaking loose and going to their corners Woodson said that his opponent had attempted to bite him on the breast. Williams then removed his shirt and forced the fighting from the next round, but Woodson got home a heavy blow on his antagonist who played the drop game. Williams tried the same tactics thereafter, but while he got in a number of blows, Woodson succeeded in countering with effect. This kind of fighting continued for twenty minutes, none of the rounds lasting more than a minute.

In the thirty-fifth round Williams succeeded in planting a stunning blow on Woodson's cheek, the latter countering heavily on Williams' nose, causing the claret to rush forth in streams and sending him reeling to his corner. In the next two rounds Williams was knocked clean off his feet as soon as he approached the centre of the ring. Williams was now showing signs of exhaustion, and his seconds, in order to gain time, took off his rubbers. This annoyed



JAMES ELLIOTT.

THE NOTED PUGILIST, KILLED AT CHICAGO MARCH 1, 1883.

Woodson's friends, who openly charged Williams' seconds with the trick. Time was called and Williams came to the scratch with only one rubber on but was allowed time to put on the other. This round was short, Williams dropping to avoid his opponent's blows. The fight had now occupied a little over an hour and the loft was getting dark owing to the blinds being closed and clouds of tobacco smoke accumulating in the close apartment.

From the thirty-ninth to the fifty-fifth round Williams sparred cautiously, trying in every

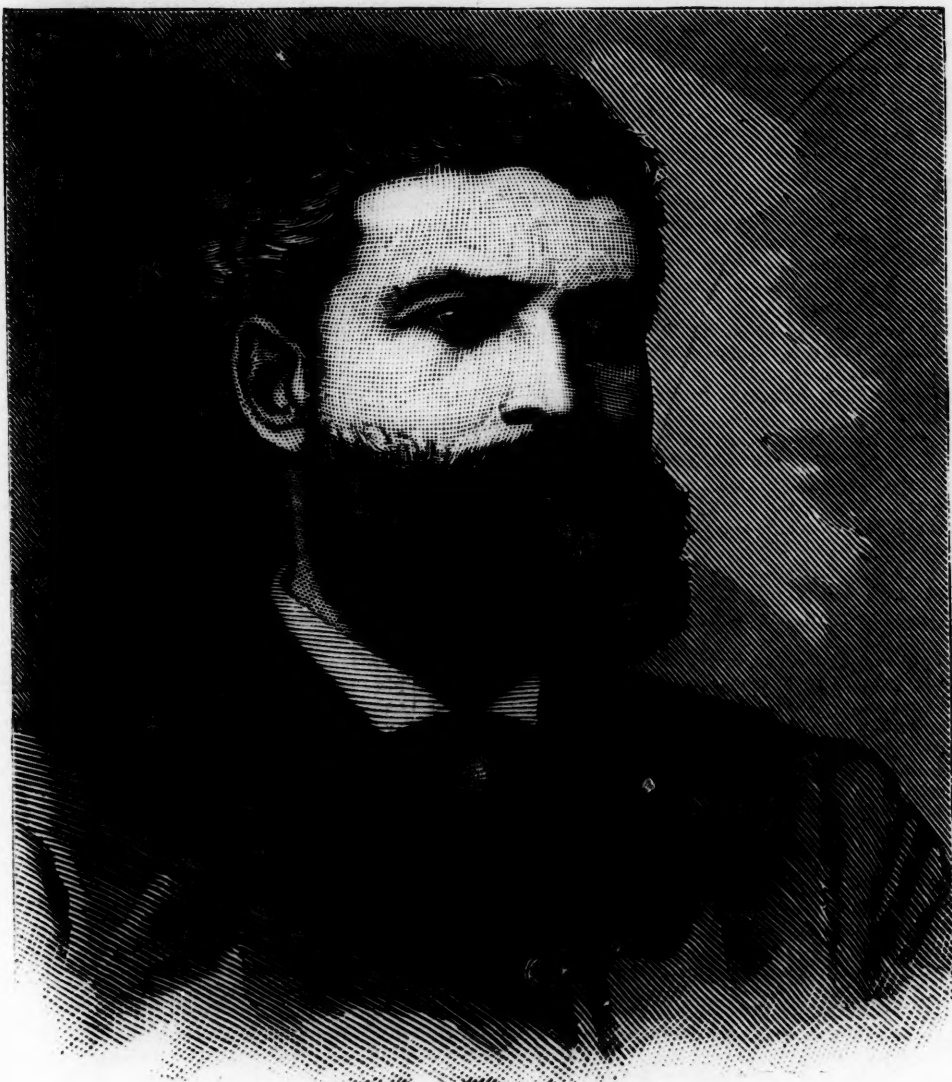
way possible to avoid Woodson's tremendous blows and thus prolong the battle so that it would have to be decided a draw owing to the darkness. Woodson was the favorite in the betting now, odds of \$100 to \$80 being freely offered on him. After the fifty-fifth round Woodson, fearing that Williams' ruse might prove successful, began to force matters. When time was called he would rush across to his opponent's corner and hit right and left, knocking Williams all around the ring. In the next six rounds Williams was knocked down twice

and over the ropes twice. In the sixty-third round Williams made a vicious blow at the "Black Diamond," which the latter dodged and went down with Williams on his back. Woodson rose quickly and sent Williams spinning through the air. In the next three rounds Williams, although very weak, displayed great pluck but could do no execution. In the sixty-sixth round he came up very groggy and Woodson immediately rushed at him, landing his left with terrific force on Williams' right cheek and forcing him against the wall. When time was called for the next round Williams was unable to respond and Woodson was declared the winner.

A purse of \$100 was collected for the game though defeated pugilist. Frank Stevenson, the well-known sporting man of New York, offered to back Woodson against any colored boxer in America for \$1,000, Godfrey, of Boston, preferred.

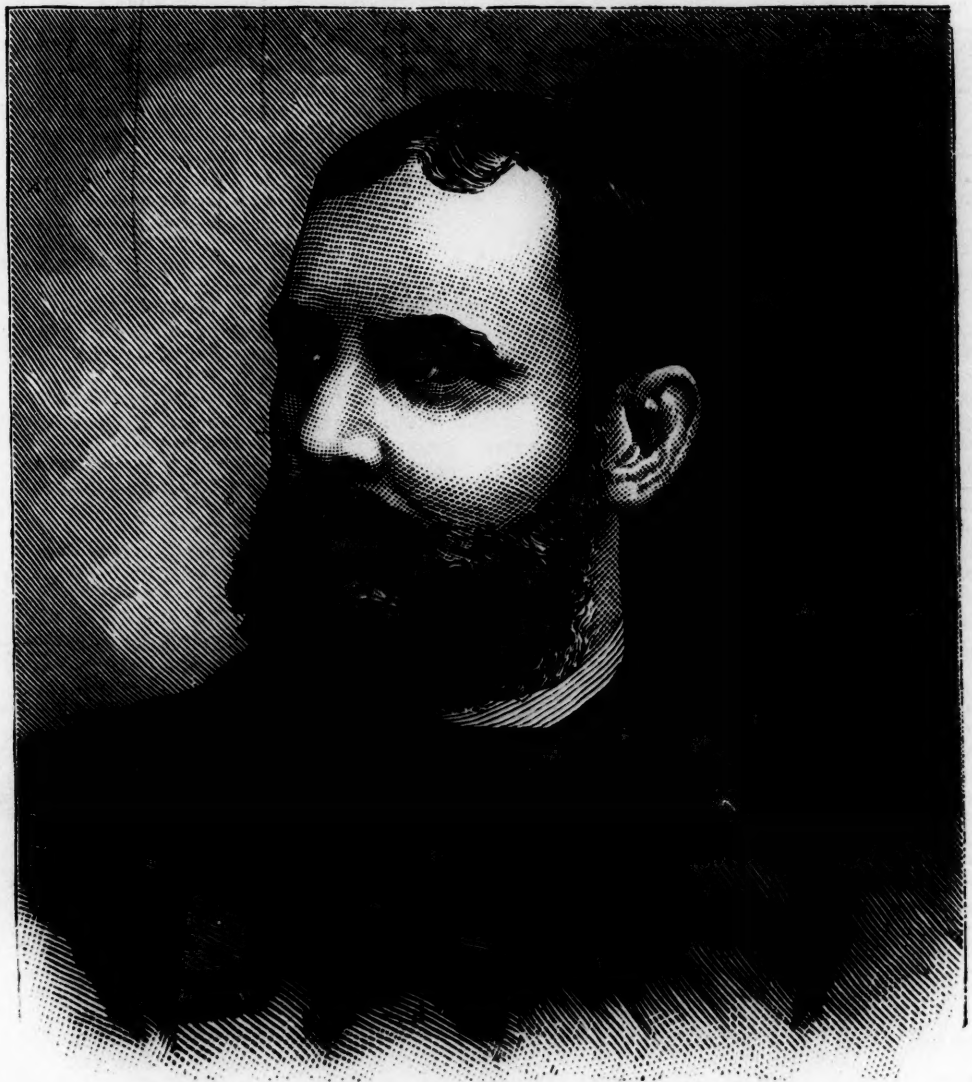
## A Beastly Churchman.

Another truly good man of the high standing church party finds himself in a scrape. His name is Michael Flath, a well-to-do merchant of Dayton, Ohio. He was charged in court on Feb. 27 with having committed rape on Mrs. Ada Schneider, the wife of a friend who belongs to his church. Flath is a member of the First Lutheran Church of Dayton, and was, up to a month ago, its President. This church has had several misfortunes. About a year after it was built it was blown down by a storm one Sunday and several children were killed and others severely injured. Then a former pastor, Rev. Mr. Fritze, was accused of being too intimate with a lamb of the flock. The present scandal was first brought to the attention of the public by the arrest of Mr. Flath at the instance of Mrs. Schneider. The complainant is a petite brunette, with large, bright brown eyes, and is about 28 or 30 years of age. She told her story in court as follows: The crime was committed on the 17th of last September, in the house where lives the lady whom Flath is charged with outraging. She got some new carpet and household furniture and was upstairs when she heard some one enter the side door of the house. Upon coming down she found Michael Flath standing in the middle of the room. He greeted her with, "I came to see your new things—to see if you didn't pay too much for them." After they had exchanged a few words he laid his hand on her, then embraced her, pressing her face tightly against his breast, when he threw her down. She fought and struggled; her clothes were disarranged and her ear injured in the struggle. Being a heavy, powerful fellow he soon overcame her. After completing the beastly work he took fifty cents from his pocket and laid it upon a table in the room with the remark, "Say nothing to my wife." She spit at him and threw the fifty cents at him as he passed through the door. In the evening she sought the pastor of the church, and not finding him at home returned the next morning and told him all, giving him the fifty cents which Flath had left at her house. The religious people manifested a desire to hush up the matter, so the indignant woman appealed to the Mayor and the scandal came out.



JURE DUNN,

PROMINENT SPORTING MAN, WHO KILLED JIMMY ELLIOTT.



CHARLES E. DAVIES,

BETTER KNOWN AS "PARSON" DAVIES, MANAGER FOR ELLIOTT.

POLICE GAZETTE'S GALLERY OF FAMOUS SPORTING MEN.

# PARIS INSIDE OUT;

## OR, Joe Potts on the Loose.

The Adventures and Misadventures; the Spree and Soberings up; the Life, Love and Pastimes Generally of a New York Sport in the Gayest City in the World.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"Paris by Gaslight," "Mabille Unmasked," "The Bohemians of New York," "Studio Secrets," etc.

### CHAPTER XIV.

IN WHICH JOE POTTS WINDS UP.

Mr. Potts had very unpleasant dreams. He stood opposite the Baron de la Roche Noir, pistol in hand. Just as he was about to fire his feet slipped and he fell back over a precipice into a pool of blood. Joe awoke and took a pull from the water pitcher. It was so long since he indulged in a drink of water that he found it quite refreshing.

He dreamed again. He was seated beside the widow Norton. His arm was around her waist, she was looking a thousand horse power love into his eyes. Their words were burning flames. He was about to press his lips to her in ecstasy when whack! and the Baron de la Roche Noir had split open his skull with the butt end of a pistol.

Joe got up and fairly drained the jug. Again he dreamed. He was in a church. The organ was pealing. There was quite a crowd of people. Some of the boys were on hand. Suddenly the floor opened and up came Mademoiselle Susanne de la Roche Noir. "You are mine," she cried, while her eyes shot flames of a most lurid kind, and down, down, down he sank into the floor, the boys, especially Ed. Hansell, yelling with laughter. Down, down down till they came to a vault. "Stay there forever!" cried Mademoiselle Susanne de la Roche Noir, closing the door with an awful bang.

The bang awoke him. It was broad daylight; quite late, in fact, and Hercules Amadie, who had banged the room door, was all smiles and cheerfulness.

"Get up, Joe," he cried, "we may expect the Baron's friend at any moment."

Mr. Potts made a very tardy toilet, nor was his appetite good.

"I guess I'll take a pick-me-up," he said. Ten o'clock and no person on the part of the Baron de la Roche Noir. Eleven o'clock—no sign.

The churches of Paris were ringing out noon when the waiter introduced a very seedy looking person of the "habitual criminal" looking class. This gentleman's shirt did not appear. His Albert coat was buttoned up to his chin. The greasy silk hat was cocked on one side of his head. His pants bagged at the knees and were symphonious in grease. His shoes displayed rents. In a word, he was a Jeremy Diddler of the first water.

He spoke in French to Amadie: "I come on the part of Monsieur le Baron de la Roche Noir to say that he will not be able to meet Mr. Potts, owing to circumstances over which he has no control, until one month from this date."

"Indeed," said Amadie. "Unless," continued the seedy personage, "under conditions."

"And what are those conditions, sir?"

"They are of a delicate nature."

"My friend is a man of honor."

"They are of such a nature as may preclude the Baron's meeting Mr. Potts at all, in which case I am quite willing to take my friend's place."

"I cannot consent to anything of the kind," said Amadie, "and I may add, sir, your name is—"

"Florentine—Gustave Gaspard de Florentine."

"I may add, Monsieur Florentine, that under no circumstances will I permit my principal to postpone this meeting. He is ready to meet Monsieur le Baron de la Roche Noir now—this moment."

"But my principal cannot meet this gentleman for one month."

"But why?"

"Is his absence due to—"

"Circumstances over which he has no control."

"Then, sir, I—"

"Permit me to interrupt you," said Monsieur Florentine, "this postponement is not to reflect in the slightest degree upon Monsieur le Baron's bravery."

"I make no reflection; all I say is this, that this meeting is off."

"Can you not arrange for a month later?"

"No, sir, my friend returns to the United States."

"When?"

"On the eighth."

Monsieur Florentine mused for a moment.

"There is a way in which the affair can be arranged."

"Well?"

"The request which I am about to make may appear extraordinary, but unless some friend advances the sum of two thousand francs Monsieur le Baron de la Roche Noir cannot appear."

"He is in prison, then?"

"He is in incarceration on bail."

"For—"

"For an assault committed on a lady whom he mistook for Madame la Baronne en titre."

"Well, Monsieur Florentine, your principal gets no two thousand francs from us, so I must say good-morning."

Monsieur Florentine attempted to button up his already buttoned-up coat and only succeeded in pricking his finger with a pin.

"That's done," he said, "and I knew you would

never consent to such a thing. Order a bottle of wine and let us drink to your friend."

"You will excuse me."

"No—well, then, the fact is I forgot my purse and I shall feel obliged for a loan of five francs."

"Not a franc."

"This is very ungentlemanly treatment, sir. I suppose you'll let me have my omnibus fare."

"How did you come here?"

"On foot."

"Well, then, Monsieur Florentine, just go back the way you came."

Monsieur Florentine, however, was not to be put off so easily and now appealed to Joe.

"What does he want—who is he?" asked Potts.

Amadie in a few words told all that had just passed between himself and the seedy Florentine.

"No duel! Wants a few francs! Here you are, old man," thrusting a lot of silver into the other's hand. "Get out of here and go get as tight as the devil."

Mr. Joseph's exaltation knew no bounds. He was like a schoolboy let loose from school. He played leap frog with the chairs and performed the can can around the apartment.

Spoondyke came in just as the cork was being slipped from a bottle of champagne.

"Just in time," cried his reverence. "I'm as lucky as a cuckoo. I was all morning in the police court with Sallie."

"What's she up to?" asked Joe.

"She was outrageously assaulted by a sort of genteel tramp in the Champs Elysees last night. The rascal, it appears, mistook her for his mistress who, like most of that persuasion, was a little less faithful than perhaps she ought to have been, and without a word, save a very ugly one, he pounced on Sallie and struck her several blows with a stout cane. Sallie ain't a gal to take much of that from anybody, so she soon let him have toast and tea and broke the cane on his head. Then she turned him over to the police and the case came on this morning. The fellow got a month's hard labor, so the boulevardiers will lose the fascinating Baron de la Roche Noir—aha, I thought I'd surprise you—"

"No, you don't," burst in Joe, and he related the visit of the seedy Monsieur Florentine.

"Shake!" cried Spoondyke. "You've crawled through a pretty small hole, Joe, for it came out in court that he is a notorious bully and uses the pistol with as much dexterity as the sword. This daughter of his is a regular knowing one and with her accomplice goes for English and Americans, lying in wait for them on the boulevards. She is the mistress of the second ballet master at the Opera Comique and in that way hangs around there. She's well born, there's no doubt of that, but a regular actress and a harpy, making victims of English and Americans."

"She was dead gone on me, anyways," said Joe, reflecting, his vanity repelling the rude shock.

"Rosh."

"Yes, she was. Don't you talk back at me, Spoons. I tell you she was. I cannot mistake a girl's eyes—they are the windows of the soul, the—"

"Say, boys," cried Spoondyke, "open the door, this language is filling the room and the room is too small."

This being his last day in Paris Mr. Potts resolved upon going around, and inviting his two friends to accompany him, ordered a carriage and set out in great state from the Richelieu, Spoondyke sitting beside him, Amadie with his back to the horses.

It is needless to say that cigars were on hand and that Hercules' knowledge of the best "taps" in Paris was called into frequent requisition. They drove to the Invalides and saw the tomb of Napoleon.

"Damn those English," cried Joe, "they'd have put George Washington on St. Helena if they got a show."

The cemetery of Pere la Chaise was visited and Les Batte de Chaumont. The trio lunched at a cunning little cabaret near the fortifications called La Jolie Parfumeuse, where an omelette aux fines herbes was served up as hot as love and quite as piquante, while the wine was a very old Mac, just the correct thing.

Of course Mr. Potts became enamored of the buxom landlady, who it must be stated gave him every encouragement, and it was with difficulty that he was eventually induced to leave a field wherein he might have planted the laurel of victory.

"Her husband was in the back yard, old man," observed Amadie, "and was only waiting till he found you so compromised so as to have your money, or your broken head."

They visited the Louvre, and marched through the galleries, merely glancing at such pictures as were not chic. Joe was for entering into conversation with a very pretty girl who was copying the Farnese Hercules, but Amadie dragged him away.

"She ain't over particular if she copies him," urged Joe, "why, he's as naked as an egg."

The sight of the pictures suggested a visit to Marian Lester.

"She treated me real mean, but she's a daisy," said Joe, "and I guess we'll make a call."

The model was at home, but sent word that she would come down as she could not receive visitors. In a few minutes she appeared, rosy as an apple and neat as a new pin.

"That's a real mean—"

"Hush," she laughed, springing on the steps of the carriage, and clapping her hand over Joe's mouth; "no tales out of school."

"But—"

"I won't have it," and she struggled with him. Joe pulled her into the carriage.

"Come and take a ride, Marian," he said.

"To be sure I will—only just let me leave word with the Concierge."

"A daisy," whispered Joe, "and real dead gone on yours truly."

Miss Lester took her seat beside Joe. Spoondyke going over to Amadie.

"Where to now?"

"Leave it to the lady," cried all in one breath.

"I vote for the open air. Let us dine at the Madrid," selecting about the most expensive restaurant in Paris.

"Where is it?"

"Just outside the Bois. I'll tell the coachman."

"But we cannot dine now."

"Certainly not, we can take a drive to the Bois de Boulogne."

"The very thing," cried Joe, recollections of that strawberry blonde who had bestowed a wink upon him, en passant, while riding with Mrs. Norton, stealing to his memory in vivid rose color.

"I can point out all the swells of the demi-monde," laughed Marian.

"Stop pinching me, Joe," she added, playfully slapping that gentleman's cheek.

"There's Schneider, old Hortense Schneider, who

created the Grand Duchess," exclaimed Miss Lester as the carriage turned into the Avenue Bois de Boulogne, "Ain't she looking real wonderful considering all she has gone through. Here comes Fidine La Motte. She's kept by the richest banker in Paris, Lenois. That pair of ponys cost something fabulous. Here's English Fanny, she was the wife of an officer in the 10th Hussars and an Earl's daughter. She ran away with a captain in the Guards who got tired of her and there she is. She drinks like all the fish in the Seine."

"Let us stop at the Chinese Pagoda, and open a bottle of wine," said Joe.

The party alighted at the Joss House in question, and spent half an hour very merrily—three bottles of Chicquot disappearing between laughter.

"There's Louise Cotecro," said Miss Lester, when they resumed their seats in the carriage. "She dissolved a pearl that cost ten thousand francs in vinegar, and drank it off to spite the man who is protecting her, and who declared she was too extravagant. Who's this, oh, the Black Pearl."

"I know her," exclaimed Joe, standing up in the carriage and waving his hat to the haughty beauty as she passed.

"Oh, why do you do such a thing," cried the model.

"Sure, I am acquainted."

"What does it matter, it's only a gommeaux who notices these people in daylight, am I not right, Monsieur?"

"Parfaitement, Mademoiselle," bowed Amadie, who was greatly taken with Miss Lester and whose foot he was gently pressing with his own.

"Here comes Lucie Regnier? What a pair of step-pers, what a superb turn out."

Joe caught Lucy's eye. She raised her whip "road" fashion, and to which Mr. Potts responded by a rapturous kissing of hands.

"Oho!" laughed Miss Lester, "you seem to be acquainted with all the swells of the demi-monde."

"I guess I am acquainted," replied Joe, caressing his moustache.

He kept a brisk look out for the beautiful strawberry blonde who had so captivated him on a former occasion, but amongst the numerous strawberries, and their names were legion, he failed to discover her.

"There's Miss Moscow, an Irish girl, isn't she beautiful. Such eyes. She's the mistress of the Grand Duke Constantine of Russia. Her name is O'Mulligan, or O something or other, and she has a brogue that would rise turf in the bog of Allan. She knows how to spend money and to save it. They say she has bought two estates in Ireland."

"But she'll get no rent."

"Don't be too sure of that. Her brother is going into Parliament. That's Lisette of the Varieties. She is the handsomest brunette of the demi-monde. They say she has the most recherche apartments in Paris, and that her lace curtains are real Point de Venice."

Miss Lester rattled on most agreeably, being able to tell a little story about each remarkable Cocotte whom they met on the famous drive, so dear to the demi-monde, around the lake.

"I wish you three gentlemen had a lady companion apiece," observed Joe.

"I'm glad you haven't, for all the attention must fall to me," laughed Marian.

They were a merry party—not a doubt of it—and made the alleys in the Bois de Boulogne ring with joyous laughter. Spoondyke, who was a little under the influence of champagne, told ridiculous stories about the "Witch of Endor," as he was pleased to term his bride, stories scarcely fit for ears polite, but excruciatingly droll nevertheless. Hercules Amadie, at first sleepy and heavy, woke up and became as light as a new express wagon. He warbled dainty little student songs, translating them into English, and getting fearfully mixed to the intense delight of his select audience. The gentlemen smoked cigars while the model puffed a cigarette.

"We are real Bohemians," she laughed, "and have no right to be in this quarter of Paris. The Latin quarter is our element."

At seven o'clock they drove up to the Madrid.

"We must be sober and quiet here," observed Miss Lester, "or they won't let us have a table."

Joseph gave his arm to the lady, Spoondyke and Amadie following.

"Secure a waiter that speaks English, Marian, for I like to have a talk with these fellows."

A tall, well shaven, dark-eyed, too-polite-by-half gentleman waited on them.

"Let's have the best table, Johnny," said Joe, slipping a five franc piece into his willing palm.

They dined in the open air, in a beautiful garden, surrounded by perfumed flowers, a fountain plashing close to them. Marian ordered the dinner, aided by Amadie, the latter selecting the wines.

While they were in the middle of dinner a lady and gentleman came and occupied an adjoining table.

"By thunder!" cried Joe, "may I join the New York Seventh if it ain't the strawberry blonde."

"What strawberry blonde?"

"Oh, never mind!" winking with expressive knowledge on the party.

Mr. Joseph commenced to cough in that hacking way in which the "masher" indulges when desirous of attracting the attention of his "mash." The lady, naturally attracted, looked round and Mr. Joseph, with a smile that reached all over his chin, bowed to the very table.

The lady lifted her glasses and stared at him—spoke to the gentleman who in turn took a good look, and returned Joe's bow with a haughty inclination of the head.

"I ain't got nothing to say to you, my up-towner," muttered Joe, "and I guess the strawberry don't want me to give her away. I'll look out for her anyway."

A few minutes later and Mr. Joseph, who watched his opportunity, took wine with the lady. Again she raised her glasses to her eyes, again spoke to the gentleman who on this occasion stared at Joe very hard indeed, but the latter busied himself with a lobster salad which he professed was like a Thanksgiving gobble.

"I object to this," cried Miss Lester "I call it bad form to be flirting with another lady under my very nose. If you carry on much longer, my gentleman, I'll flirt with either of these fellows."

"With me!" cried Spoondyke, clapping his hands in rapture.

"Avec moi, ma bien aimee!" exclaimed Amadie, who was pressing her foot underneath the table.

Again Joe caught the strawberry's eye, and again lifted his wine glass, smiling down to his chin.

In a moment or two the waiter approached.

"Aha!" chuckled Joe, "I guess I've got ahead of that escort."

The waiter bent over to Joe.

"Monsieur, the Baron de Montpensier wishes to know your name, sir. He says you must be making a

mistake, as you are unknown to Madame la Baronne, his wife."

"His wife?"

"Yes, Monsieur. They come here with the children almost every day during the season."

"Are you sure of this?"

"Parfaitement, Monsieur."

"Oh, yes," added Miss Lester, "that is the Baron and Baroness de Montpensier. They are the most happy and exemplary couple in Paris, and you never saw such beautiful children."

"May I be laid out by a clam if I didn't mistake her for the strawberry blonde," muttered Joe, adding to the waiter: "Tell the Baron to excuse me. I mistook the lady for a lady acquaintance. I am real short sighted."

After this the dinner went on without a break, the wine flowing like the river Seine.

"I guess I'll stop in Paris as long as the spondulicks hold the fort," cried Joe, "and let the Deutonia go to—Beecher."

"Do!"

"Do!"

"Do!"

"This is real O. K. Here we are in the Boys Day Bolong having a real good time. May I join the Seventh if I don't feel as if I was at Coney Island. If there was only a band and clam chowder I'd say I was all there."

"You'll stop, won't you?" whispered Marian.

"Aye, to be treated in the same merrily way as—"

"Hush, sir!" cried the model, popping her hand on his mouth.

"What shall we do now?" asked Spoondyke, as Joe was paying the bill.

"I know of a nice but naughty garden that we could go to," said Amadie. "It is the Jardin aux Roses. It was opened since the Mabille died, and we'll see all the pretty women there about eleven o'clock. It's ten to eleven now."

"I must go back to the hotel for spondulicks," murmured Joe. "The charges here are devilish steep."

The party drove back to the Hotel Richelieu. What Mr. Potts was saying to Miss Lester may never be known, but certain it is that her face was close to his all the way, and that sounds as of the chirruping of birds reached the ears of both the Rev. Mr. Spoondyke and Monsieur Hercule Amadie.

A dispatch was handed to Joe as he entered the hall, who uttered a loud whoop as he read it.

"Say!" he cried, coming back to the carriage, "you fellows can take Miss Lester to the garden or anywhere else you like, for I'm off to London by the eleven thirty."

"What?"

"What?"

"What?"

"Off to London. Let me read you this dispatch."

"I am here, Joe. Come to me at once."

DIANA BEAUCHAMPE.

"That's the girl for my taste. She's true as trumps. I'll have no more of this one-horse city. I'll just get my valise packed and pay my bill and will have a square drink at the depot. Hurroo!"

He was not to be persuaded even by Marian, who whispered something very tender in his ear.

"Next Fall, if luck is good, I'll be on hand, my dear, but not a minute sooner or later."

The trio accompanied him to the depot, and at the buffet purchased four bottles of champagne.

Amadie wept copiously and Spoondyke referred feelingly to a friendship that had grown like—some plant or other. His utterance was thick. Marian, deeply moved, endeavored to borrow a hundred francs, but was unsuccessful.

On the platform the three surrounded Joe, clinging to him as though he were a sort of pillar necessary to their support. When the conductor insisted on Potts' getting into the carriage Amadie was for assaulting him, while Spoondyke threatened him in a husky but rich language.

Amadie kissed Joe, Spoondyke rung his hand, and as for Marian Lester, she treated him like a departing lover.

"I'll shake the heathens, Joe," cried Spoondyke, as the train moved off, "and be in New York as soon as yourself."

"I'll come to New York without Benedict," added Amadie.

"Cable me and I'll come," shrieked Miss Marian Lester, blowing kisses to him.

Ten hours later Joe Potts was in London, and in Diana's voluminous embrace. And in the first interval of repose her fervent welcome allowed him he rolled his eyes to the ceiling and murmured:

"Oh! may I be laid out by a clam if Paris is anywhere!"

At least Diana says that is what he did, and who ever knew a lady to lie about herself?

[THE END.]

### A "CHUMP" LOVER.

His Girl's Uncle Drags Her Out of His Sleigh Near Cochranville, and Leaves Her to Walk Home.

[Subject of Illustration.]

They've got the prize "chump" down in Cochranville, Pa. The story of his weakness is thus told by local scribes: Miss Mary Watterson, aged 18 and pretty, residing near Cochranville, Pa., went sleighing on Feb. 20, with her lover, Bernard Cochran, a young man of excellent character. Miss Watterson is an orphan, and her affairs are at times managed by her uncle, Samuel Watterson. The uncle objected to her going sleighing, and when the young couple drove up through Cochranville, Watterson and a number of men appeared in the road to stop the horse. They held up their hands and stopped the team. The young lady was ordered out of the sleigh, but she refused. It is alleged that the uncle proceeded to forcibly remove her from her seat, warning her escort to keep his seat or he would get hurt. When Miss Watterson had been forced into the road Cochran was forced to drive home at once or he would "have a head" put on him. The young man seeing he could gain nothing by refusing, except a beating, drove away. The young lady refused to accompany her uncle, and walked alone through the snow to Cochranville and remained there with friends for the night. Watterson and his party were arrested upon a charge of assault. They were given a hearing before Magistrate McHenry. There was no proof that Watterson had any legal authority over his niece. The magistrate decided to hold the uncle to bail for the offence. Watterson could not furnish the security demanded and was taken to jail. They should have put the young lover in the next cell to him and kept him there a year. A fellow that won't fight under such circumstances doesn't deserve the smiles of such a plucky girl.

## AWFUL BAD BOYS.

They are Accused of Waylaying and Violating Women.

Two Lads of Tender Years Caught in a Plot to Outrage Their Pastor's Young Daughter.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Several late developments of childish depravity—and among those, too, who never saw or read the POLICE GAZETTE, lead us to suspect that we are decidedly not responsible for all the wickedness in this world, as the envious persons would have the public believe. Let us lay two cases before you:

There was a little Johnny Gibbs, a real good boy of New Haven, Conn. He was a member of the Sunday school of Rev. Dr. Siler's church and the minister had befriended and rewarded him for his apparent true goodness. He was a model good boy.

On the morning of Feb. 11, though, Johnny was caught breaking into Dr. Siler's house. He and a companion of his own age named Willie Ward, another Sunday school model, were taken into custody. They had a dark lantern and the full burglar equipment. Willie weakened at once and gave Johnny away, divulging a most astounding story. He stated that for months Gibbs had been systematically waylaying unprotected women with the design of raping them, in several instances meeting with success.

Ward's part in each of these undertakings was to help overpower the victim and then watch and give warning of the approach of anyone. Six desperate crimes of this nature were finally confessed by the boys. They also confessed that when they were caught entering the minister's house they were intent on a similar enterprise. They had a bottle of chloroform with them at the time of their capture. They intended to chloroform the minister and his wife and then outrage his young daughter.

On Feb. 24 Gibbs was arraigned for trial on a charge of having committed rape on Mrs. Laura D. Philbrick of Fair Haven, Conn., a woman aged about 30 years. She identified him fully and gave the shocking details of the outrage. She was knocked down, gagged, dragged forty feet off the main street to a secluded place and outraged. There are enough authenticated cases against this precocious youngster, Gibbs, to send him up for twenty years. Only fifteen and trenching on parsons' and deacons' preserves in this fashion already! Whew! they ought to send that boy up for a long term. The ministry wouldn't have a chance if he were let loose.

The other case of youthful depravity is reported from East Saginaw, Mich., and was discovered on Feb. 23. On that date a man named Freeze, who is separated from his wife, learned that his two little daughters, still in his charge, aged 8 and 11 years, had been outraged by three boys aged between 15 and 16 years. Frances, the eldest, said that a boy named Willie Nichols, aged 16, and Arthur Nichols, aged 15, had both ravished her. Walter committing the offense the first time last summer, carrying her in his arms to the bed, throwing her down and holding her until his object was accomplished. She was afraid, she said, to tell her mother but finally told a friend of the family named Mrs. Steve. The offense was repeated and the little girl said that on Christmas night Arthur Nichols submitted her to the same indignity and her sister Ella, 8 years old, had been similarly treated; that a French boy, a neighbor, induced his sister, a girl of 10 years, to hold Ella Freeze down while he ravished her. The child Frankie told the story in a simple, child-like manner. Her little sister Ella was taken into a separate room and fully corroborated the statement of her older sister. The physician made an examination of the little girls and is satisfied that the oldest has been subjected to the outrages she alleges. If there is any literature responsible for this depraved condition of these youthful minds and bodies it must be the Sunday school books and papers, not the POLICE GAZETTE, which deals only in adult journalism. These religious people are so anxious to fusten everything nasty or criminal on us that we take an early opportunity of retorting when we catch them in a tight place, as above.

### THE CONVICT'S BRIDE.

She Can't Shake Him and He Escapes From Prison to Spoil Her Second Nuptials.

Talk about your romances of real life with dramatic effects in them—here's one from Nebraska that fills the bill and promises the best effects of the lurid melodrama of the new style. Some time ago Mrs. Annie L. Savage, a remarkably handsome woman and a former society belle of Detroit, filed in the District Court, at Omaha, Neb., a petition for divorce from her husband, William Savage, on the ground that he has never contributed a cent to her support; that he is a professional burglar and has been confined in a number of penitentiaries; and, moreover, she never knew him as a husband and could not tell whether he was dead or alive. After a full hearing of the case Judge Neville on Feb. 26 granted Mrs. Savage a decree of absolute divorce, with permission to marry again. Mrs. Savage says that on June 6, 1876, she was living with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Manning of Detroit. Her father was, and is still, a merchant of prominence there and she was moving in the best society. One day while returning from her music teacher she met a young man on the street and began a flirtation. He approached her and spoke, saying that his name was Wm. Savage and that he resided in St. Louis, where his family occupied a prominent social position. Mr. Savage walked with Miss Manning to her home, and before leaving made an appointment to meet her the next day.

In the meantime he discovered that the family was wealthy, and when the young girl met him again he proposed marriage, and said he would take her to St. Louis and introduce her to his family. Miss Manning consented, and they were married. The next day her parents heard of it, and three days after Mr. Savage was jailed on a charge of burglary, and the girl discovered that her husband was one of the most notorious burglars in the west. The young woman's parents took charge of her, and pressed the charge of burglary against Savage, so that he was convicted and sentenced to the Jackson Penitentiary for three years. After his release he hunted up his wife and extorted money from her by various threats. Finally he drifted back to St. Louis, where he was arrested for

burglary and was sent to the penitentiary at Jefferson City for two years. His sentence expired in February, and hearing that his wife was in Omaha, Savage went there to look her up. Before he found her he was arrested for petit larceny, and sent to the work-house.

Savage, alias Kelly, is well known to the police of St. Louis and Chicago, and has figured in some extensive burglaries. The young wife wanted a divorce in order that she might marry an eastern gentleman, but the convict husband heard of this in his cell and was furious. On the morning of March 5, the foreman of the guard was escorting Savage across the yard in the rear of the prison to the lower hallway. Just as they reached it a disturbance was reported among the 170 quarry workers then being marched out of the enclosure, and leaving Savage in the hallway, safe for that moment, as he thought, the foreman ran to the scene of disturbance. Finding everything in good order again, he quickly returned, but Savage, always on the alert for such an opportunity, had made the most of it and was nowhere to be seen. Rushing up the lower hall staircase Savage had made the circuit of the upper balcony, and while the guard who was regularly stationed in front dashed back to the rear in search for him, the prisoner jumped to the ground, seized a ladder near by and in a moment was over the high board fence.

Investigation among the persons living on the roads to the prison convinced the guards that he had escaped to some point southwest of the city. The assistant superintendent of the work house says Savage's term would have expired about May 1. By some unknown means the prisoner got hold of a St. Louis newspaper containing an account of Miss Manning's divorce and her intention to marry again. He swore he would get even with her soon as he got out, claiming that her recent conduct was a breach of faith, as she was fully as bad as he, and that their marriage in Detroit was not a secret affair. She was, moreover, fully cognizant of his antecedents at the time, and even assisted him in his work. To put it in his own words: "I'm going to work her and her new man for all they are worth, and the first place I'll strike for when I get out of here will be Omaha."

### A CRANK PUGILIST.

A Pretender to Fistic Attainments Makes a Sensation in an Ohio Theatre.

There are cranks and cranks. Their mania runs in queer grooves sometimes and their fancies are as fickle as the winds. Erstwhile they tended to murder. This mania came to a culmination in the execrable deed of Guiteau. The hanging of that wretch did not abolish cranks but through the influence of the POLICE GAZETTE they were gently induced into a milder form of mania. There is one of these cranks who has taken to pugilism and imagines he is a great knocker out before whom Slade or Mace couldn't stand for a moment.

He made a sensation by appearing on the stage of a variety theatre in eastern Ohio and, the Mace and Slade combination having failed to arrive, owing to missing railroad connections, offered to knock out all comers. He was very earnest about it and was proceeding to organize a reign of terror in the theatre, when one of the scrub women of the house appeared on the scene with a mop and drove him indignantly out of the back door. Her contemptuous criticism of him after the brief affair was over was that he couldn't fight even a little bit and she could knock out all such fighters the management would bring. The crank boxer didn't appear when Mace and Slade came on the boards.

### THE FATAL SIPHON.

A San Francisco Barkeeper Makes a Miss That Cuts Him Out of a Fortune.

[Subject of Illustration.]

How little things affect the fortunes of men. There, for instance, is that barkeeper of Patsy Hegan's in San Francisco who, annoyed by tramps, was in the habit of loosing a sizzling siphon of seltzer on the unfortunate bum who approached with the design of standing him up for a drink. One fair day in the last week of February there ambled to the bar a wretched specimen of this species of humanity. The dapper bar keeper made a dive under the counter for his siphon and the tramp, who had evidently been there before, made a dive out of the door. At this moment there came in for his regular morning drink a rusty, crusty old gentleman and he got the seltzer full in the face. He spluttered a damn or two when he had recovered his breath and then fled from the scene, never to return. The worst part of it is, if rumor is true, that the old chap being wealthy and without relatives, intended to leave all his fortune to the natty young fellow, who was his favorite compounder of drinks. Since this episode of the seltzer, however, he has torn up his will and made a new one giving all his property to the temperance societies. Rough on that barkeeper, wasn't it?

### RICHARD PATTON, THE BOGUS BOND MAN.

[With Portrait.]

The United States officers and Inspector Byrnes' men, on Feb. 21, developed a fraudulent proceeding by which Mr. Richard Patton, agent in New York of a wealthy Boston business man, finds himself in a pretty serious predicament. Patton induced a man named Hyatt to appear in court as a bondsman and swear he was a capitalist and real estate owner when he in reality owned nothing. Uncle Sam has grown weary of this style of thing, which has grown very common of late, and is going to make an example of Richard if he can.

### WHERE IS ISAAC GONE?

[With Portrait.]

A Jewish glass button manufacturer doing business at No. 381 Bleecker street, New York, has disappeared mysteriously and Hebrew circles have been thrown into a great commotion by it. It is feared the man has been the victim of foul play. A reward of \$250 has been offered for the recovery of Lehman, dead or alive, by Mr. Tillman, of No. 137 Bowery, New York.

### A REWARD WITHDRAWN.

We published some time since the fact that a reward of \$250 was offered by Theodore Voorhees, Superintendent of the Delaware & Hudson Canal Company, for the arrest of W. D. Vrooman, late ticket agent for the company at Fort Edward, N. Y. The reward has been withdrawn and the misunderstanding between the agent and the company amicably settled.

## A SENSATIONAL EXECUTION.

The Murderers, McGloin and Majone, Strung up Together in the Tombs.

[Subject of Illustration.]

New York does not often submit so completely to the thrill of horror consequent on the intermittent legal tragedies of the Tombs as it did on Friday, March 9, when two murderers were hanged together in the dismal precincts of that ill-reputed building. These were Michael McGloin and Pasquale Majone.

McGloin was a mere boy, one of those half-grown toughs of New York who browl the streets after night-fall, lounge on the corners armed and play pool for drinks in the beer saloons of the west side uptown. He was a type of a most dangerous class of Gotham's citizens. His crime, too, was a typical one. On the night of Dec. 10, 1881, a party of young men broke into the saloon of Louis Hanier, 144 West 26th street, for purposes of robbery. Hanier, who lived on the upper floors of the house with his wife and seven children, heard the noise made by the robbers and was making his way down to investigate, when young McGloin, who was one of the gang, stepped into the hallway and from the foot of the stairs fired a shot from a revolver that pierced his side and killed him. The villainous gang fled, but the detectives ran them down and McGloin's comrades betrayed him as the one who had fired the fatal shot.

It required careful and assiduous detective work to bring the murderers to justice. Inspector Byrnes was two months at it, but when, at the end of January, 1882, he decided to arrest McGloin, he had him so completely tied up with proofs of guilt that there was no hope for him. He was tried, found guilty and sentenced to be hanged. Although the young man had been in state prison already and was a notorious hard case, he had many political friends who worked diligently for him in Albany but without avail, while the sympathy of the citizens generally in New York was greater than many a better man who had encountered the same dreadful shadow of the Tombs could command. The mute testimony of the widow of Hanier struggling to support her seven fatherless little ones, however, was too patent for McGloin's friends to overcome with their pleas of false sentiment and the wire pulling of politics.

He was doomed. Sentenced to be hanged in the Tombs on the same day with this boy criminal was an Italian of the most sanguinary record—one Pasquale Majone. He was an itinerant musician who was a soul-distracting, nerve-racking orchestra in himself. He traveled over the country on foot giving street concerts on a combination of drum, cymbals and hand organ simultaneously operated. While he was on his tramps he left his wife, a mere girl, at home with her parents, who lived at No. 56 Thompson st., New York. On one of his trips he received the information from some busy body that his wife was unfaithful to him. He immediately returned home and charged her with infidelity, but she indignantly resented his accusation and her mother espoused her cause warmly. This occurred in the early part of December, 1881. Majone went away in a rage and was not seen for nearly a week. On Dec. 9, he reappeared at the house and after repeating his charges drew a pistol and fired at his girl wife. The bullet pierced her heart and she fell at his feet a corpse. Her mother rushed into the room and another shot settled her, the bullet entering the right eye and crashing through her skull. She died almost instantly. The murderer then ran out to the court yard and attempted suicide. The weapon was not well aimed, however, the bullet striking him in the neck, glancing upward and lodging in the palate. He was taken to the hospital and after a painful surgical operation was cured. He was then put on trial for the life the authorities had been at such pains to save, and it was declared forfeit to the outraged law.

After every effort of cunning lawyers, who exhausted all the technicalities and writhed through all the sinuities of their tricky profession in his behalf, the grip of Jack Ketch on the shoulder of the wretched Italian was assured, and it was formally commanded that he be executed on the same day with McGloin. The two passed their last days in earnest devotions, and their last night on earth was in no wise different from the experience of other criminals who had taken the dread leap into eternity by the same dread formula in the awful prison. They prayed much, slept a little, bade their friends and relatives a tearful good-bye, and marched with some display of manly fortitude to the gallows and were hanged by a process that was most prompt and effectual, though none of the old-time horrors of the scene could be eliminated by the despatch of the operation.

The bodies of the dead criminals were given to their friends and relatives an hour after the execution, and elaborate religious exercises were held over them, those over the Italian being the most notable, as he had requested that no formality should be neglected that should give him a dead sure thing of it in the other world, even to the observance of the Italian custom of allowing the body to lie in state for twenty-four hours in a church. There, in the height of these remarkable obsequies, we leave the murderers—rid of the fatal attentions of the law, to be the prey of the rabble's morbid curiosity. After the avenger the hyena.

### A SLICK DELUDER.

How Jones, of San Francisco, Besieged the Hearts of the Widows of Milwaukee.

There's a fellow, a sewing-machine agent named Jones, hailing from San Francisco, who has been demoralizing the widows out west and who will be hauled over the coals mercilessly if caught.

He went to Milwaukee last June and immediately set himself up in the business of captivating women but with indifferent success. He advertised for the services of a lady to go to his home at Colorado Springs and act as governess to his daughter who lived there. A widow answered the advertisement and opened negotiations with him. Jones promised that a pony and phaeton should accompany her should she so desire. Finally he laid siege to the heart of the widow and proposed marriage. At first she felt like yielding but finally declined, saying, however, that she would fulfill her business engagement. He, with an assumed struggle, assented to the lady's wish and the arrangement was made that she should go to Colorado. She wanted to know if she should give up her place in the city but he wished her to retain it for a little longer until he would let her know. While seated in the room he drew a handkerchief from his pocket and with it drew out a small memorandum book which fell to the floor unnoticed by either at the

time. The next morning the lady found on the floor the book which had been dropped the evening before, and opening it found an entry which stated that on such a day he had begun work for a sewing-machine company's agent as canvasser. Turning over the pages she found that entries had been made as to places he had called at to induce the parties to have machines sent to their houses and in these memoranda were stated in a truly original manner the way he had been received at the different houses, what the ladies said to him and what he said in return and other incidents of a most comical nature. The scales dropped from her eyes; the gorgeous mansion by the silvery lake crumbled into dust. She returned the book and never saw him again.

During the time that Jones was paying his devotions to the widow he was playing the same game with another woman who also had lost her husband. This lady was a little more rapid in her movements and decision than the former one, for she reciprocated and accepted and was only too anxious to sniff the free mountain air of the Rockies. She was possessed of some property. That she sold and hid herself to Chicago, there to meet her newly-found love according to arrangement, to be united in marriage and go west with him. But she failed to see anything more of Jones. Next he paid similar attentions to a lady whose home was at Ripon, with what success is not known. A fourth victim was a governess in a family boarding at the Grand Avenue Hotel—and so on to the end. Jones remained in the sewing-machine employ about a month and then left for other fields. He was heard from some time afterward in connection with a claim for unpaid commissions, but received no satisfaction. He threatened revenge with postal cards to customers of the agency, but never put the scheme in execution. Look out for him, you widows east and west.

### A SUICIDE TOO SOON.

An Immigrant's Accusing Conscience Causes His Tragic Death.

[Subject of Illustration.]

The Consul-General of the Kingdom of Luxemburg, on duty in New York, received on Feb. 23 notification that a government letter carrier named Johannes Geiselmann had suddenly disappeared with fourteen hundred marks (about \$350) belonging to Luxemburg. He was supposed to have pointed for the United States.

The case was placed in the hands of Deputy United States Marshal Bernard, and when the arrival of the steamship Bothnia in the lower bay was announced he proceeded to Quarantine, and upon the steamer's arrival at that point went on board. He was informed by the officers of the vessel that there were no German passengers in the cabins, and accordingly proceeded to the steerage. While prosecuting his inquiries there he saw a young man whose appearance coincided with the description of the embezzler, and who was evidently trying to avoid observation.

Marshal Bernard accosted him and asked him his name and where he came from. The young man replied that his name was Geiselmann, and that he had been a resident of Guttenberg. Upon the officer's inquiring what baggage he had with him, Geiselmann picked up a satchel and said that was all. At the same time he put his hand in his pocket and brought out a wallet, which he opened in such a way that the Marshal could see it contained money and proffered it to Bernard. The latter told him to put it back in his pocket, and then asked Geiselmann to accompany him to the second cabin, as he had something he wanted to show him.

Geiselmann acceded to the request without demur, and led the way from the steerage to the deck. He proceeded a few steps in the direction of the cabin, closely followed by Bernard, when the latter was startled by a pistol shot and a moment after his intended prisoner fell to the deck. The surgeon of the steamer was at once called, but the unfortunate man expired in a few moments, the bullet having penetrated his brain. An examination of his pockets showed that he had about his person 670 marks in gold and paper and a draft for \$25.

### A ROMANCE ENDING IN MURDER.

A Lover Attempting to Elope With a Lady, is Killed by Her Father.

The romance of elopement is sometimes offset by the most dismal climax. For instance the little affair that occurred on the night of March 1, near the town of El Dorado, Ark. Marshall Parnell is one of the first citizens of South Arkansas and an old chap who will not stand any fooling. Besides two full-grown sons, he has a lovely daughter, Amelia by name. The sons are Madison and James. In the same neighborhood until recently there resided a young man named Wm. Wilson, poor but honest, who loved the fair Amelia. He had sought by every means at his command to gain the consent of the father to woo the daughter, but all in vain, so the courtship was carried on clandestinely. They met at El Dorado frequently, until at last the father ordered the two to know each other no more.

This command, however, only served to increase their love for each other, and they, at their next meeting, planned an elopement. The plan miscarried, the girl being discovered by one of her brothers while leaving her room. She hastily descended, but not into the arms of her lover. She screamed for Wilson who rushed to her assistance. He met death, being shot down at her feet. The poor girl has lost her reason, and now, according to report, is a raving maniac. Parnell and the two boys were immediately arrested. The coroner's jury holds them guilty of the murder, and the examination is in progress.

### P. J. SHERIDAN'S SNAP.

[With Portrait.]

Irish circles in the city of New York have been in a state of ferment for the past two weeks over the demand of the British Government for the extradition of P. J. Sheridan, an assistant editor of the *Irish World*, who is accused by Carey, the informer, of complicity in the Phoenix Park murders last summer. The demand was finally made to Secretary of State Frelinghuysen towards the latter part of February, but until the moment of going to press nothing more has been heard of the matter. In the meanwhile Sheridan sits from morning till night in the *Irish World* office receiving sympathizing visitors and thundering against the British Lion. He has also become the object of a subscription among the Irish population of New York. All of which proves once more that notoriety is a good thing in its way.



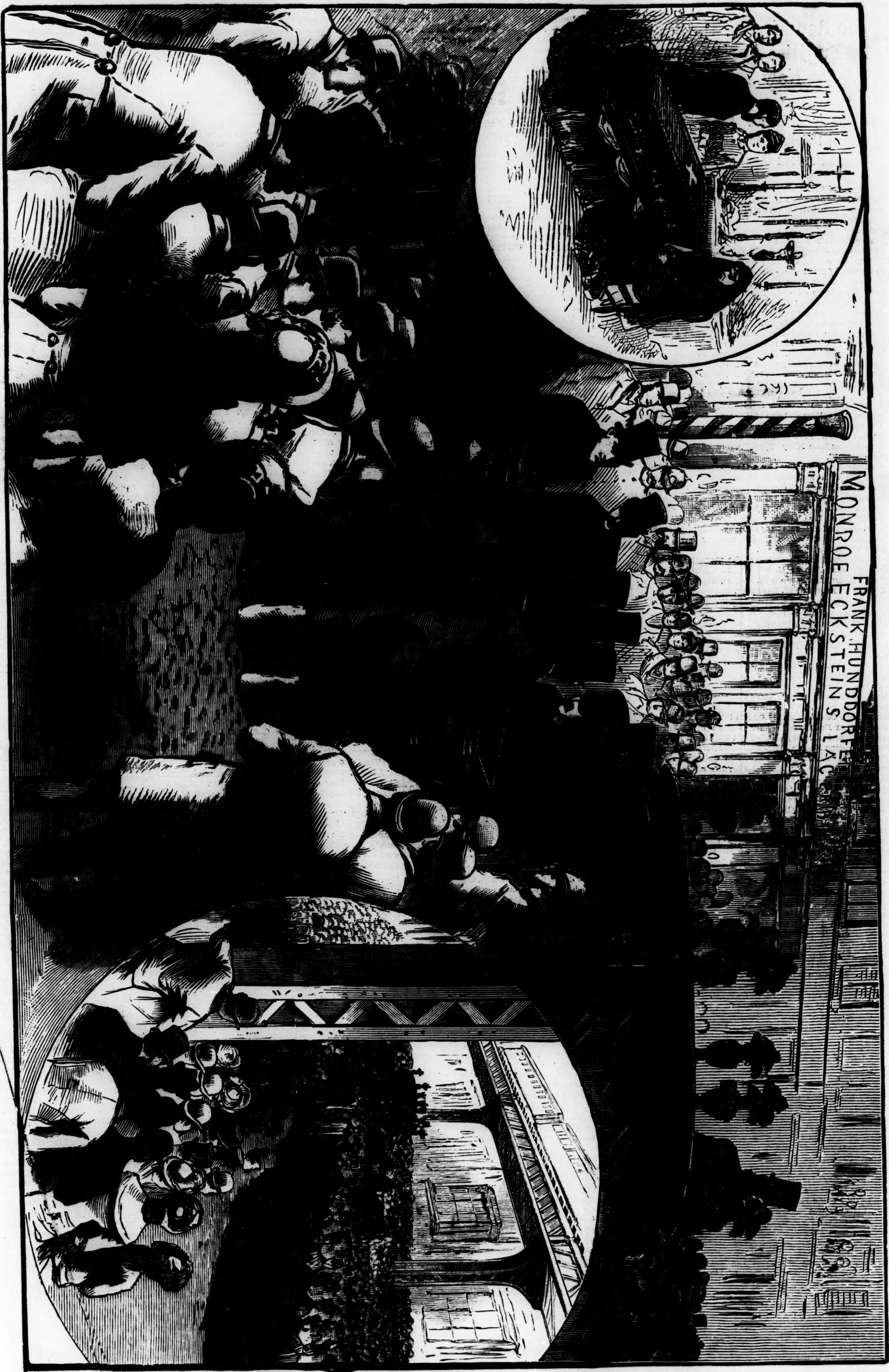
A DOUBLE TRAGEDY OF THE TOMBS.

SCENE OF THE HANGING OF MICHAEL MCGLOIN, THE TYPICAL YOUNG "TOUGH," AND PASQUALE MAJONE, THE WIFE MURDERER.  
WITH ACCURATE PORTRAIT OF THE TOMBS' HANGMAN.



TWO LECHEROUS LADS.

MODEL SUNDAY SCHOOL BOYS OF FIFTEEN CONVICTED OF HAVING WAYLAID AND CRIMINALLY ASSAULTED SIX LADIES SUCCESSIVELY IN THE  
STREETS OF NEW HAVEN, CONN.



IMPRESSIVE OBSEQUIES OF THE DEAD PUGILIST.

INCIDENTS OF THE FUNERAL SERVICES OVER THE REMAINS OF THE FAMOUS RING CHAMPION, JIM ELLIOTT, IN NEW YORK AND THE IMPOSING PAGEANT OF THE PROCESSION TO THE GRAVE.

## ELLIOTT AT REST.

The Remains of the Dead  
Pugilist Arrive in  
New York.A Largely Attended Funeral.--Addi-  
tional Details of the Death Strug-  
gle Between Dunn and Elliott.

(With Portraits and Illustration.)

The body of James Elliott, the unfortunate pugilist who fell before the unerring aim of Jerry Dunn, rests in the grave. On Wednesday, the 7th inst., the remains arrived in this city and on Sunday were followed to their last earthly resting place by a long line of the deceased athlete's friends.

The fallings of the dead were forgotten in the recollection of his tragic end and the presence of the grave. His generous traits only were remembered and the mantle of charity covered his weaknesses. The glistening eyes of many a stern and sturdy man unused to tears gave evidence that Jimmy Elliott was not without sincere friends.

Before the remains were removed from Chicago they were viewed at the morgue by several well known sporting men. Among those who gazed upon the face of the dead pugilist were Sherman Thurston, Paddy Ryan, "Parson" Davies, Wm. Meyer, representative of the POLICE GAZETTE, A. S. Trude, B. C. Keeler, Ed. Dorney, John Files, and the Munger brothers. Two women fashionably dressed were among the callers and one of them as she looked at the dead burst into tears. She became so hysterical as to necessitate her removal. It was said that the woman was Miss Mary Tyrrell, an intimate friend of the deceased.

At night, when viewed by a GAZETTE reporter, the light fell with a ghastly gleam upon the glass case under which, as if carved in wax, lay the long, lithe, muscular form of Elliott. The face, clean shaven, showed no mark of pain and the eyes were closed as if in sleep. The muscular arms and the bruised fingers were folded across the broad breast and held in position by a simple muslin band, another band running about the head and jaw.

There were funeral services at the morgue, the pallbearers being Charles E. Davies, Michael Corcoran, Paddy Ryan, Capt. James H. Dalton, Fred. Plaisted, Edward Dorney and W. Lakeman.

## ARRIVAL OF ELLIOTT'S REMAINS.

The body having been embalmed by order of "Parson" Davies and Paddy Ryan, it was forwarded to New York on the lightning express, Monday the 5th inst. Fred. Krohne and Colston, the pedestrians, accompanied the remains to the Grand Central depot, this city, where they were received on Wednesday morning by John Stiles, John Leary, Andrew Kelly, Charles Johnson, Owen Geoghegan, Tom Draper, Matt Trace, Mike Cleary, Sam Collyer, Jack Tierney, young Harry Hope, Billy Brazier, Gus Bentley, Bob Smith, Abe Coakley, Tim Driscoll of Troy, Capt. Jim Luce of San Francisco, Walter Wilson of Chicago, George Morris, Jimmy Kelly, Ed Sullivan, Daniel Dwyer, George Norton, Matt Smith and James Dunne. The casket containing the body was quickly transferred to a hearse by Andy Kelly, the undertaker, and taken to No. 216 Canal street, the residence of Mrs. McDevitt, a sister of the deceased. A dozen carriages followed the hearse. In accordance with the custom of the Roman Catholic church lighted candles were placed at the head of the coffin. When the casket was opened and Elliott's aged mother gazed on the face of her dead son there was a pathetic scene which brought tears to the eyes of all present. The oppressive silence of the room was broken only by her sobs and moans.

"I thought that Jimmy would close my eyes and follow me to the grave," the widowed mother moaned. "He was a good son to me and I would have died to save him."

Strong men turned away and hurriedly left the room. The features of the dead pugilist gave no evidence of the terrible struggle through which he had passed to his death. The only external marks of violence visible were the abrasions on the folded hands. The massive oak casket in which the remains reposed was covered with black drapery and trimmed with velvet and silver symbols. On each side were three handsomely chased silver handles, and on the lid a Greek cross of silver bearing the inscription:

Died March 1, 1883,  
JAMES ELLIOTT,  
Aged 38 Years.

Heavy black cloth curtains with merino lambrequins draped the windows. They were the same mourning draperies which figured in the obsequies of the late Cornelius Vanderbilt, who committed suicide at the Glenham Hotel. The floral offerings were few, but in good taste, and included those sent from Chicago by "Parson" Davies.

At night a continuous stream of visitors poured into the parlor, many of the callers being women. Mike Cleary was one of the first to view the remains and close behind came Sam Collyer, the pugilist, John Stiles, his eyes wet with tears, Owen Geoghegan, Charley Norton, Billy Tracey, Charley Johnston of Brooklyn, Tim Driscoll of Troy, Bart Sweeney of Harrisburg, James Dunne, Frank McAleer and sporting men from various sections of the country. "Big O'B" Conroy, a warm friend of the deceased, fell in a faint when he saw the face of his old comrade. One portly caller, who was understood to be a lieutenant of police from Philadelphia, after viewing the corpse said in subdued tones to a group of friends in the rear of the room:

"I knew Jimmy well when he was sent to the Cherry Hill penitentiary in Pennsylvania. He served eight years for a crime he had no part in. There had been the robbery of a pin and during the melee a man was shot. Elliott was arrested the following morning on suspicion and in less than forty-eight hours he was railroaded to prison. He was innocent of the crime but a victim was required and he was selected. He

had offended certain men of influence and they used their power to railroad him. Some of these very men after he was released expressed regret for what they had done."

"Some of poor Jimmy's enemies say that he was a hard man," said John Stiles. "I know that he was as soft and tender in many respects as a woman. He was kind to his mother and took good care of her. No wonder his death has almost made her crazy."

Sporting men who called to take a last look at the dead pugilist gathered on the sidewalk in front of the house and discussed the tragedy. There was a general desire to learn more concerning the encounter in which Elliott met his death. The GAZETTE furnishes the desired information.

## LATEST DETAILS OF THE TRAGEDY.

From Chicago we have received additional details of the tragedy. It seems that a few days before the shooting, mutual friends of the men tried to get them to shake hands. Sherman Thurston, a sporting man of widespread reputation, said to the POLICE GAZETTE representative:

"I spoke to Dunn not long ago, and asked him not to pay any attention to what busybodies were saying. I told him that I thought Elliott would agree to shake hands, and he said he was willing to make up if Elliott would apologize for what he had said about him. I saw Elliott and spoke to him in the same way. Elliott said he would put up his gun if Dunn would. I thought the trouble could have been arranged, as both of them seemed willing to give up their intentions of shooting."

"Only a few days ago," said Parson Davies: "a party of us were speaking to Elliott about his trouble with Dunn. Elliott had said that he intended to locate in Chicago, and I advised him that it would be better, under the circumstances, to come to some understanding with Dunn. He did not take the advice in bad spirit, and the others present coincided with me. I told him also that Dunn had the reputation of being quick at drawing a gun, and that he (Elliott), being near-sighted, was at a disadvantage. Elliott, you know, was very near-sighted, and could not recognize a person ten feet off. That is one of the reasons I do not think he saw Dunn when Dunn entered the restaurant. But to resume: Elliott said in reply that the only way Dunn could get the best of him was to shoot him in the back, and even then he said: 'I would crawl up to him and knife him.' After a good deal of talk, Elliott agreed to abandon his hostile intention if Dunn could be induced to do the same thing, and in fact, when he gave me his pistol a few days ago, he thought that Dunn had put up his, and that there would be no fight. Elliott had no pistol when Dunn attacked him, and he didn't have one because he thought the thing was over. I am sorry for Jim, because, with all his faults, he was a good fellow. He came to me and asked me to help him on, promising that he would behave himself. He was but recently out of prison, where he had been confined for years, was without any money, and wanted to do the right thing. He never did anything wrong while he was with me, except to go down to Clayton's one night when he was drunk to look for Dunn. The poor fellow is dead now, but he died like a brave man, as he was."

Mike McDonald said that he wished to correct a misstatement that had been published in his interview with a reporter on the night of the shooting. He did not mean to say, in speaking of Elliott, "I'm glad the bully Elliott got what he deserved," but "It would be a good thing if all the prize-fighters were dead."

## DUNN'S CAREER.

"I never knew Dunn to display anything that showed an irritable temper," said Billy Pinkerton, the Chicago detective. "He was always a perfect gentleman, kind and considerate to his friends. It is true that he was quick with his hands, and would not let any one hit him in the face, but he was just the opposite of aggressive. Let me see, I first met him in Washington in '81, I believe. He was a mere boy then and a soldier: had enlisted at Elmira, N. Y. Even then he showed a fondness for sporting matters, especially horse racing. He rather passed out of my recollection for a while then, but you probably remember the time when he shot Logan No. 2 in New York. No? Well, then I'll tell you about it. Logan No. 1 was the most noted thug and thief in New York during his day--this was in '87. He stabbed a prominent merchant there for his money, and when the police attempted to arrest him he shot one of them through the leg. I merely tell this to show what kind of a man he was. One day Logan No. 2 had an altercation with Dunn, and shot at him without effect. Dunn wasn't armed, but got a revolver and shortly after met Logan on the street. Both pulled their guns but Dunn was the little the quickest, and hit Logan in the abdomen. Did he die? Yes, right in his tracks."

"It's rather a coincidence," interposed a sporting man standing near, "that he hit Logan and Elliott in the same place."

"Dunn then came to Chicago," continued Pinkerton, and lived here a year before he was arrested and taken back to New York. He was tried and sentenced to a term in the penitentiary, which he served out. Afterward he came to Chicago, and has lived here ever since. I never knew him to have any trouble since his New York fracas."

"While Dunn is not regarded as wealthy, he is supposed to be in comfortable circumstances. Since his residence in Chicago he has been engaged in various sporting enterprises. At one time he owned a stable of fast horses, and at the same time was the owner of Lady Alice, a celebrated trotter, valued at \$10,000, that died on the track at Saginaw. At another time he kept a road-house on South Park boulevard, when he was reputed to be worth \$25,000. Then he kept a restaurant for a long time where O'Neal now keeps, and again was engaged in the liquor business. He has never made a business of gambling, except on the turf, and has long been noted as a driver and trainer."

Dunn is a fine specimen of physical manhood. He is in the prime of life, and off the streets would never be taken for a hard hitter. He is a perfect dresser; his face is covered with a growth of jet-black beard, which he wears artistically cut. He is, among the women of the town, a favorite, and has at various times had several episodes in their class. He is one of the quickest hitters in the country, and whenever there was a row, and Dunn's presence was announced, the fight either ceased or grew hotter.

## DUNN'S VERSION OF THE TROUBLE.

Before Jerry Dunn was removed from the Harrison street police station to the hospital he was asked several questions concerning the shooting. His answers outline his defense.

"The shooting grew out of the trouble which occurred between us several weeks ago," said Dunn. "I wanted no fuss with Elliott and said to a reporter at the time that his walks and mine lay in different

directions and that there was no need of our ever meeting, but he seemed to think otherwise."

"How about the story that you tried to get him into a row with Cronin, the song-and-dance man, so you could 'get the drop' on him?"

"Oh, that was all hosh, and not a word of truth in it. I never tried to provoke a quarrel with Elliott in my life, and he knew it was false when he said I did. I can tell you," he said, "this matter was something I've been looking for the past three weeks. That man has been 'laying for' me for that length of time, and I know that one night he hid behind a door at Clayton's for three hours, waiting for a chance to shoot me when I was unprepared and defenseless. Fortunately I did not go through that door, and Elliott came very near shooting another man who somewhat resembled me. I couldn't deal with such a man as I would with a fair man, and made up my mind I would shoot him as I would a rabid dog if he ever made any attempt to kill me. I was prepared for him, and he couldn't catch me napping unless he got a very close 'drop' on me. I was taking supper in the restaurant, and knew nothing of the danger I was in. I didn't even know that Elliott was in the place until I heard a shot and felt a thud and a pain as though I had been struck on the head with a broad ax."

"Was Elliott facing you when he shot, or did he shoot you from behind?"

"For the life of me I couldn't tell whether he was behind or in front of me. It might have been either, as the ball entered the scalp and came out about three or four inches from where it entered. The blood fairly streamed from the wound and almost blinded me. The shot partly stunned me for a second or two. I then jumped up and reeled back, and it was my reeling that saved my life, for he fired again, and I threw up my arm, which received the bullet intended for my head. I then pulled my gun and we began firing. I don't know how many shots I fired, but I shot for his head. He struck me a terrible blow on the forehead with the muzzle of his revolver--I think, though, it may have been the butt--and raised a pretty nice sized lump, as you can see. I think I'm pretty badly hurt, but don't know how badly. I tell you all the terrors of hell came up before me when I got up and faced Elliott. I wouldn't have turned tail and run, though, for a million dollars. That's just what he wanted me to do, and it would have given him a chance to take better aim. I braced up and got the best of him. How badly is he hurt?"

"Don't you know that he is dead?"

"No, is he dead?"

"Yes, and laid out at the morgue."

"Well, it won't do him any hurt. I'd rather it would be he than I, and I'd rather be in jail than in the morgue."

"In this affair, then, you claim to have acted entirely in self-defense?"

"Entirely so. Had I done any other way than I did it would have been I instead of Elliott that would be lying at the morgue. Had I not shrunk or reeled back I would have had a ball through my brain. As it is, I am alive, and one live man is worth a dozen dead ones any day. I hope you fellows will go easy on me and let me down as lightly as possible, because I was certainly justified in taking a life in preservation of my own."

It has been generally understood that Dunn called at the Tivoli restaurant for his supper on the night of the tragedy. It appears, however, that he had eaten just before entering the Tivoli. A waiter in Boyle's English chop house nearly opposite to the Tivoli said to a POLICE GAZETTE reporter:

"Dunn had a sirloin steak, mushrooms and a cup of coffee, and he cleaned the dishes out like a healthy man."

"How soon after Dunn left did the shooting occur in the Tivoli?" the reporter asked Mr. Boyle.

"Almost as quickly as Dunn could get around there. It was certainly less than three minutes. When I heard it I thought it was in the direction of Clark street."

The inquest was to have been held on Tuesday, but was postponed until Friday, March 9, Dunn's injuries preventing his attendance. His head was badly injured, the result of the beating which Elliott gave him with the stock of his revolver. Dunn exhibited considerable endurance while his wounds were being attended to. Though the operation was undoubtedly painful he did not wince, and laughed and chatted with his friends who crowded around him.

"How is it, Lieutenant," he said to Lieutenant Shea while in the station house. "how is it that I go to jail and he (Elliott) goes to the hospital? I think I ought to be sent to the hospital, too."

The question was asked before Dunn knew that Elliott was dead.

## A CHARGE OF MURDER.

The proprietor of the "Tivoli," William Langdon, denies that Dunn acted in self-defense. Said he:

"You want to know what I think about it? Well, I think it was a cold blooded murder. I don't only think so; I know it. Dunn came in here and deliberately walked back to where Elliott was seated and shot him. I am sure Elliott did not have a pistol. If he had had one he would have pulled it at the start instead of using a chair. As it was Dunn would never have had the chance to shoot much more; the chair is a heavy one and would have killed him. Both Elliott and Dunn have been in the habit of coming here and every time either of them would come in I dreaded the appearance of the other. Only the day before Elliott came in and we had a talk. I spoke to him about his quarrel with Dunn and he said, 'I guess that has quieted down and is all over.'"

"Do you believe Dunn knew Elliott was here?" was asked.

"Yes, sir, Dunn was told over in Jimmy Boyle's, where he had supper, that Elliott was in my place, and he walked directly across the alley in here, into the back room and shot Elliott. He came here for that purpose and he accomplished it."

"You saw some of the fight; how do you think Elliott acted?"

"He was brave as a lion. When he was lying on the floor I asked him if I could do anything for him and he answered, 'You are very kind, boys, but I think I'm gone.'"

Charles Deal, the cashier at Langdon's, said he did not see Elliott with a pistol until after the men had fallen and risen again.

Officer Dan Coughlan of the Harrison street station when seen by a reporter said:

"I was standing near the corner of Washington and Clark streets at about 8:15 o'clock when I heard several pistol shots in rapid succession coming from the vicinity of the Tivoli. Noticing that a crowd was rapidly collecting around the door I hastened there and entered the place to find Dunn and Elliott struggling

in each other's grasp, each with a glistening revolver in his right hand. As I stepped into the room another shot was fired but by which of the two I cannot say. Then Elliott fell and Dunn came on top of him. I at once grabbed them and while I held Elliott's pistol arm pinned to the floor with my knee I wrenched Dunn's revolver from his hand. At this moment sergeant Dennehy of the Pinkerton force entered and I called to him to disarm Elliott. He did so promptly and wrenched the pistol from Elliott's grasp."

"How many shots did you hear fired?"

"Eight or nine; I am quite sure it was nine."

"When you had disarmed the men what did you do?"

"Elliott lay gasping on the floor and Dunn, who was badly wounded in the head and arm, was led into a small room close at hand by his friends, who sought to dress his wounds. I stopped a minute to see how bad Elliott's wounds were. The poor fellow was gasping and struggling for breath. I saw at a glance that he had received his death wound. Then I went into the room where Dunn was and told him that he had killed Elliott and that he would have to come with me as my prisoner."

"What did he do?"

"He simply laughed and said that he was glad that Elliott had at length been settled. When I told him that the wounds were fatal he seemed to be much pleased."

## THE FUNERAL.

On Sunday afternoon Elliott's funeral took place from the residence of his sister, No. 216 Canal street. An immense crowd, in which were sporting men from the principal cities of the country, were in attendance. Among those present were John Leary, Billy Tracey, James Irving, Thos. Gould, Jimmy Patterson, Frank Stevenson, Prof. Wm. Clark, James Edgings, Patrick Kelly, Robert Murray, Paddy Dwyer, ex-ald. James Dunne, Owen Geoghegan, Steve Taylor, Billy Edwards, Sam Collyer, Mark Moore, Gus Lambert, Nick Langan, Johnny Clark, George Rooke, Mike Donovan and Wm. E. Harding, of the POLICE GAZETTE.

Numerous beautiful and costly floral tributes were placed near the casket. One from Charles Johnston was a bed of flowers surmounted by a white dove and on the front of the tribute a raised cross of white rosebuds bearing the words in purple immortelles, "My friend, Jimmy." Another floral tribute from James Kelly of Jersey City was a roll of honor, surmounted by a heart and star, with the motto on the scroll of, "Gone but not forgotten."

The streets and sidewalks near the house of mourning were crowded with people. The multitude outnumbered that which turned out on the day Bill Poole was buried. Hundreds took a last look at the ghastly features of the dead, and thousands vainly applied for admission to the little room in which Elliott's remains rested.

About two o'clock in the afternoon there was a commotion in the crowd on Canal street. It was caused by the approach of the pall bearers. At the head marched two stalwart men, John Leary and Thomas Draper, followed by John Stiles, Charles Johnston, Richard Toner, James Wakely, Chief Magin, John Roache, James Thompson, George Norton, John Tierney, John Greene, Bartholomew Sweeney, James Coyne, Walter Wilson, John E. Kennedy, James J. Kelly, James Patterson, William McConnell, William Smith, Austin Gould, Thomas Maguire, Thomas Varley, Fred Krohne, the pedestrian, Frank Stevenson and others, all wearing high silk hats and badges of mourning. A few minutes later the hearse, drawn by six gray horses, over whose heads fell drooping sable plumes, arrived.

It was with difficulty that Elliott's aged mother could be induced to allow the casket containing her son's body to be closed. She seemed almost crazed with grief, and her ears were closed to the sympathetic utterances of her friends.

Shortly after 2 o'clock the coffin was placed in the hearse and the funeral procession moved slowly down Walker street to Centre, to Worth, to Chatham Square, to Division, to Chrystie, to Canal, to the Bowery, to Seventh street and thence to the ferry. A dense mass of humanity impeded travel to such a degree that all lines of surface cars were blocked for half an hour. Even to the ferry gates the throng continued in a surging mass filling each thoroughfare from side to side.

In the procession were 109 carriages of all descriptions, the following line of march maintained as nearly as possible:

Barouche with flowers.  
Pall-bearers.  
Hearse.  
Assistant pall-bearers.  
Mourners in carriages.  
Madden Association.  
Carriages.

At the Seventh street ferry a long delay was experienced, there being five funeral parties in advance and probably ten thousand persons waiting to be ferried over. Arriving at Hunter's Point another difficulty was experienced, it being almost impossible to make a landing, owing to the rough crowd which thronged to the pier to pay a last tribute to the departed pugilist. With infinite labor the cortege proceeded to Calvary cemetery, where at least 12,000 people had gathered to receive them.

In the cemetery chapel there was a brief but impressive funeral service. By the side of the coffin knelt the pall bearers, John Leary, John Roache, John Stiles, Thomas Draper, Andrew J. Kelly and Charles Johnston. Elliott's mother and sister wept continuously. When the services were ended the coffin was carried to the grave prepared for it near the Soldiers' Monument. Slowly and gently it was lowered into the earth, while the bystanders stood with uncovered heads. When the last clod was thrown upon the coffin the floral tributes were strewn over the grave. A piteous moan from a gray-haired woman, the husky exclamation, "good-bye, Jimmy," from a broad shouldered pall bearer, the rush for the carriages, and Elliott's funeral was over.

## DUNN HELD FOR TRIAL.

On Friday, March 9th, the coroner's jury in Chicago rendered the verdict that James Elliott was shot and killed by Jerry Dunn. The coroner held the prisoner to wait the action of the Grand Jury. Friends offered to bail Dunn in any amount asked, but the coroner refused to accept bail. It is evident that Dunn will not suffer for the want of money or able counsel. It is reported that some of the witnesses of the shooting have declared that they will not testify when the case comes up for trial.

## THE PRIZE RING.

A Regular Spring Boom of Pugilism  
All Around the Circle.Record of Three Slashing Events in  
the Ring, and More About the  
"Police Gazette" Champions.

Since the Richard K. Fox, Mace and Slade, POLICE GAZETTE Champion Athletic Combination has been on the road they have met with great success playing to large audiences, everywhere receiving the approbation of everyone. The combination now consists of the "Grangers," Budd and wife, Lynch and McMahon, Irish sketch artists, Gus Hill, the champion club swinger of the world, who has no equal in that line and whose feats with 80 and 100 pound Indian clubs are pronounced wonderful by all the sports; Hodges, the veteran Ethiopian banjoist and comedian; Steve O'Donnell, of New York, the champion wrestler, who appears in a grand exhibition of wrestling with Gus Hill; Jerry Murphy and Jimmy Kelly, the champion boxers of New York, who are great favorites and have no equals in their line of acting and display of science. These boxers appear in a sketch entitled "The Boxing School," which rightly receives rounds of applause, while the hot glove contest between the two experts always commands interest and makes a sensation.

Last, but not least, of the Combination's attractions is Jim Mace, the retired champion of the world, who is the possessor of the champion belt of England, which has been a bone of contention for over forty years and which Mace has held longer than any other of the line of English champions. He also holds the champion belt of Australia and champion belt of America. Mace appears nightly with Herbert A. Slade, the New Zealand Hercules, who came fifteen thousand miles to meet John L. Sullivan, the champion pugilist.

Mace and Slade make a great impression every time they meet and the audience is worked up to the highest pitch by their fierce set to. The combination is a strong one and if it is necessary can give a two hour and a half entertainment.

On March 5 the POLICE GAZETTE troupe appeared at Bradford, Pa., and as usual created a furore. Kelly and Murphy boxed four rounds on their merits and at the conclusion were called before the curtain. Mace and Slade followed and were loudly cheered by the excited crowd. They both made their usual favorable impression. A local paper treats of the POLICE GAZETTE champions' meeting in this style:

"The appearance of the two men was received with vociferous applause, Mace seeming to be the favorite. After the customary hand shaking the two men squared off and it can be safely said that never before had been seen two finer looking men physically. Slade of course being the heavier built, although Mace is more finely proportioned. Slade seemed to think that Mace's head was about the best place to make his mark and Mace appeared to be laboring under the impression that Slade's stomach was a good spot for him to exercise his physical ability and these tactics were kept up during the entire first round.

"The second round was marked by no special degree of merit, except now and then Mace would get in one of his old time 'letters' alongside of Slade's jaw, which seemed to stun the Maori for a moment.

"In the third round both men settled right down to business and such a fine exhibition of professional sparring has not been seen in this city for years. After the close of the third round, Slade seeming to get the best of it, an examination was made of the two men. Mace seemed a little tired but the Maori appeared to be as fresh as when he first started.

"Mace was very anxious that the reporters should make a thorough examination of Slade and our representative approached and felt of his arm, which seemed to the touch to be as hard as adamant."

A crowd of sporting men gathered at a well known east side rendezvous for sporting men on the evening of March 6 to witness a fight in which the only covering for the hands were ordinary kid gloves. The principals were the clever Canadian light-weight, George Fulljames, who weighs about 130 lbs. and is 5 ft. 6 in. in height, and Pat Gallagher of Boston, who is four inches taller and forty pounds heavier than his opponent. Both men entered the ring in regulation costume and the Canadian, although much the smaller man, had the betting slightly in his favor. The encounter was for a purse of three hundred dollars.

ROUND 1. Fulljames at once led off with a hard blow on the stomach and received a light return on the forehead. This brought them to half-arm work and they kept at it for two minutes, when both fell. A foul was claimed for Gallagher but not allowed.

ROUND 2. A couple of exchanges brought them to close quarters again and after two minutes' punishing work Gallagher threw and fell heavily on the Canadian.

ROUND 3. Gallagher let off, getting home on the throat, receiving a stinger on the mouth in return. They at once rushed to close quarters and Gallagher finished the round by throwing Fulljames after three minutes' fighting.

ROUND 4. Gallagher again led off, landing a hot blow on the nose and evading the return. They rushed in for half-arm fighting, when Fulljames cross-buttocked Gallagher, who fell on his head and was severely shaken.

ROUND 5. Gallagher forced the fighting, getting home twice on the face without a return. The round was finished by Fulljames again throwing his man on his head.

The sixth and seventh rounds were hotly contested and were slightly in favor of Fulljames.

ROUND 8. They at once rushed to a close and were down side by side almost at once.

ROUND 9. The fast fighting made them slow to get together again and for the first time they made a show of sparring for wind, but the moment a couple of passes were made they clinched and Gallagher was thrown on his head. Time 2m.

ROUND 10. Gallagher was slow to come to time and had not recovered from his fall. Fulljames seeing his advantage dashed at his man and landed twice on the damaged optics before they clinched and fell.

ROUND 11. Fulljames continued to do the most work and concluded the round by backheeling Gallagher. Time 2m.

ROUND 12. Gallagher showed signs of recovering

and after three minutes of give and take slogging threw Fulljames fairly.

ROUND 13. The fire displayed by Gallagher in the preceding round was his last effort, as Fulljames had matters all his own way, suffering no inconvenience from Gallagher's feeble returns. Fulljames threw the Bostonian heavily to wind up with.

ROUND 14. Fulljames got home two telling blows, first on the mouth and then a right-hander on the nose. They at once got to close quarters and Gallagher was thrown on his back.

Before time for the next round was called a cry of "Police!" was raised and Gallagher was taken out of the ring. Fulljames remained in his corner and claimed the fight, which was at once decided in his favor. Gallagher was seen afterward and presented a horrible appearance. His face was a mass of bruises and both eyes were completely closed. Fulljames looked worse than he really was, as he was smeared all over with blood drawn principally from the unfortunate Gallagher.

Fulljames was born in London, Eng., Feb. 13, 1852. He stands 5 ft. 6 in. in height and weighs in condition 127 lbs. He has had a forfeit lying in the POLICE GAZETTE office to bind a match with Jack King of Troy, N. Y., or any man in the world at 12 lbs. for \$500 or \$1,000. Fulljames is considered one of the most scientific light-weight pugilists in the world. In England he fought Mouse Olwright twice. The police stopped the first battle after the pugilists had fought 45 minutes. The stakes were increased and they fought again, when Fulljames won after one hour and thirty minutes' desperate fighting. He then fought a draw with Young Cousins, better known as "Jacko," in 1h. and 45m. and he defeated young Glover in 35m. Since he has been in this country he has defeated young Collins in 37 minutes, fought a draw with Jack King of Troy, N. Y., which lasted one hour and twenty minutes, and a draw with Frank White of New York. Fulljames is very popular and has a host of admirers who are ready to back him against any light-weight pugilist.

Mike Cleary of Philadelphia, the pugilist who recently gained such a reputation by knocking George Rooke out of time, is anxious to have a shy at either Rooke or Mike Donovan, as will be seen by the following:

PHILADELPHIA, PA., March 5, 1883.

To the Sporting Editor of the POLICE GAZETTE:

SIR: I constantly read in print that George Rooke, who claims to be the middle-weight champion pugilist of America, appears very anxious to box me in order to retaliate for my knocking him out of time at the Alhambra theatre in New York. I wish to inform Rooke that I can do the same thing again any time Rooke is ready. I live in Philadelphia and he lives in New York and that is the reason that he boasts about getting even because I made a show of him. John L. Sullivan will give a benefit in New York shortly, when I will give Rooke an opportunity to down me and I will try how hard I can hit him.

Cleary also sends the following missive after Mike Donovan:

PHILADELPHIA, PA., March 5, 1883.

To the Sporting Editor of the POLICE GAZETTE:

In regard to the announcements that Mike Donovan, the would be champion middle-weight pugilist, makes in the papers, allow me to state that he would be very kind to the New York public if he would publish the letter I sent him, in which I told him that he had a large amount of cheek in billing me and advertising in the *News* that I would box with him at Madison Square Garden. If Donovan did not want to gull the New York public he would have published that I refused to meet him or have anything to do with him. In regard to Donovan's fighting abilities I do not know any pugilist he is the master of. He might have been my master ten years ago but he is not to-day. I know he would like the public to think he is some one's master but he has so far failed to prove it. If he advertises me to again appear against him he will have to take the responsibility.

MIKE CLEARY.

The above letter having been shown to Mike Donovan he expressed his indignation and said that he would be pleased to meet Cleary in the neighborhood of New Orleans. He left the annexed letter for publication:

NEW YORK, March 7, 1883.

To the Sporting Editor of the POLICE GAZETTE:

SIR: My attention has been called to a published letter from Mike Cleary, in which he styles me the "would be champion middle-weight pugilist," and says that he "does not know any pugilist" that I am "master of." If he does not think that I am his master I believe I can convince him of the fact. Cleary's modest claims to distinction invite a comparison of our records. I have fought ten times in the ring and boxed the best men in America on my merits. Mr. Cleary fought little Jimmy Weeden, a young fellow who had the heart disease, and he lately made himself known by knocking out Geo. Rooke on a fluke. This is his record, and it is too light to justify his conceited utterances. Cleary is known as a heavy-weight, yet he is one of the lightest-weights so far as his fighting abilities are concerned that I know of. It is true that he was a pupil of mine, but I am afraid that he will never reflect credit on his master, especially while the champion Sullivan is in the field.

MIKE DONOVAN.

A slashing prize fight was lately decided at Fort Randall, Dakota, between John M. Petty, a member of "C" Co., 15th Infantry, and James Craig, a member of "H" Co., same regiment. The pugilists fought with hard gloves according to the rules of the London prize ring, for a stake of \$200. Over 300 persons witnessed the mill, mostly soldiers. The fight lasted 16 minutes, when a well directed blow from Petty's left mawley sent Craig, the "big Scotchman," to grass. When time was called he refused to come up and the stakes were allowed Petty amid great cheering. Another match is talked of.

A one round mill was decided in Lagrange street, Boston, Mass., in front of Tom Earley's sporting house, last week. The principals were James Young and Tom Earley. There were no time keepers or referee but a number of seconds. After they had fought a few minutes, during which they roiled in the mud, time was called by two policemen who arrested Williams. He was a pitiable looking object when he reached the station and after he was sponged it was found that one of his optics was somewhat bruised and his head cut on the right side. Earley fared better than his opponent, he only receiving a slightly disfigured eye. The trouble originated in Earley's house where Williams, it is said, threw a glass at Earley for some reason not ascertained, striking him on the head. Earley started for the intruder and after a short struggle forced him out of the house into the street, where they engaged in the battle royal.

Pat Perry, the light-weight champion of England, who is coming to America for the express purpose of fighting Charley Norton, of Newark, N. J., for the light-weight championship of the world, is expected to arrive in New York in a few days. On his arrival there is not the least doubt but that he will find a number of pugilists ready to meet him in the orthodox 24-foot ring.

George Holden gave a well attended exhibition at Walsall, England, recently. Holden was well supported by his brother professionals. Proceedings commenced with W. Hawkins of Walsall, who beat the "Mouse" of Birmingham, and Smith's novice of Wednesday, the young 'un having slightly the best of it. They were followed by W. Sanders and S. Hughes of Birmingham, and then by Greenfield of Birmingham and Prussian, of Leicester. This was a capital illustration of the noble art and at the conclusion of the three bouts nothing would satisfy the company except a fourth round.

J. Gelly and Mick Gemit, both of Leicester, had three rounds; Hipkiss and B. Evans, both of Birmingham, treated the spectators to a grand display; Stacey of Walsall and Spittle had three slogging rounds, as did also Jem Dyer and Hunt of Leicester. The wind-up was between the beneficiary and George Wilson of Leicester and as the ex champion is as popular as ever amongst the Midland sportsmen, their spar of three rounds was keenly watched and although the Leicester man had the advantage in youth both gave a good exhibition and on quitting the stage were loudly applauded. During the intervals a brass band played some good selections of music. A word of praise is due to the veteran, Charley North of Nottingham, for the manner in which he performed the duties of M. C. He don writes through the *Sporting Life* to return thanks to all who sparred at his benefit, especially Prussian, Alf. Greenfield and others.

A desperate prize fight was decided at the old battle ground, Collier's Station, West Virginia, on March 5. The principals were Billy Morgan, of Wheeling, West Virginia, well known as "Switzer Bill" and Mose Arnold, of Steubenville, Ohio, better known as "Butcher Bill." Some time ago Morgan and Arnold had a dispute over their pugilistic abilities and the former challenged the latter to fight according to the rules of the London prize ring for \$500. James Hervey and Jim Morris, of Philadelphia, found the sinews of war for Morgan, and a well-known sporting man of Fourth avenue, Pittsburg, Pa., provided the money for Arnold. All parties concerned were eager to have the battle decided without interference and little or no publicity was given the affair. The pugilists agreed to fight where Harry Hicken and Bryan Campbell fought for \$2,000 at Collier's Station, which place has been made historical from the fact that Ned O'Baldwin, the late "Irish Giant" and Jem Mace, when they were matched to fight for \$2,000 and the championship, faced each other in the ring, but could not agree on a referee. A ring was pitched a few hundred yards from the place where Paddy Ryan, the Trojan Giant, and Joe Goss fought for the championship of America and \$2,000. No time was lost in arranging the preliminaries and in the presence of a large crowd the Ohio and West Virginia champions stripped. Paddy Williams, of Pittsburg, Pa., was chosen referee, and after the usual formalities the fight commenced. Arnold is well known as a local boxer of the Smoky City, and he had a better knowledge of the science of self defence than Morgan, whose forte was rough-and-tumble fighting. Morgan was the favorite when the fight began, but after the first round there was no choice. Arnold gained first blood in the first round, and in the fourth Morgan gained the first knock down by a well directed auctioneer. As the fight progressed it developed into a regular slugging match, Morgan having the best of it. Arnold received terrible punishment, but he pluckily faced the music and after twelve rounds had been fought his handiwork could be seen on Morgan's dial, which was badly damaged. In the thirteenth round an unscientific blow delivered by Arnold caught Morgan on the throat and raised him from his feet. From this to the end of the forty-second round, which concluded the match, Arnold had the advantage, and Morgan's only inducement to toe the scratch on time was to give an exhibition of his staying qualities. His punishment was terrible, being principally delivered upon his face and neck, which he did not seem able to protect. Morgan's face at the close of the mill was unrecognizable. It did not bear the slightest resemblance to a human face. He was so weak from the loss of blood that he was carried on a stretcher to the train which bore him back to Steubenville, where he was taken to a hospital. Later in the day he was reported to be in a dying condition. His opponent was not so badly used up, and after getting a few of the larger cuts on his face plastered up he was taken to Pittsburg by his backers. The fight lasted two hours and was one of the most desperate battles ever witnessed in that section of the country already famed as the scene of heavy fighting.

Billy Madden is coining money in England by giving boxing entertainments. Recently at Newcastle-on-Tyne he engaged the circus and offered prizes to the amount of \$50 to the local champions. Over 2,000 persons paid for admission. The principal event was the wind-up between Charles Mitchell, the champion, and Jack Clark, the champion of the north. Mitchell's youthful appearance led many of the Tynesiders to believe that he would be no match for so formidable an opponent as Clark, who was quite a stone the heavier; therefore they were surprised upon witnessing that Clark had not even a look-in with the champion. Clark led off on the chin and being short received a straight left-hander just above the belt and a right-hander on the jaw which sent him staggering back and down he went. This operation was repeated and upon Clark rising to his feet he was ushered to his corner. In the second round, which again occupied about a minute and a half, Clark again led off and forcing exchanges a sharp rally was indulged in, but the local champion was soon on his back again.

Clark was very groggy when he came up for the third round and after sparring for about a minute put down his hands and retired anything but pleased with either himself or his clever opponent.

At Cleveland, Ohio, on Feb. 19, George Caulfield and C. C. Louge fought with blackened gloves for \$50. The conditions were the pugilist who gained the most points or clean hits to be declared the winner. Louge won, scoring twenty clean hits to Caulfield's fifteen.

The recent glove fight in Boston, Mass., between Godfrey, the colored champion of the Hub, and Hadley, the colored champion of America, who won the POLICE GAZETTE medal, is still the subject of conversation in sporting circles. Hadley is not satisfied with the result and it is more than probable that the sporting men of Boston will make arrangements for another meeting.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

## THE GREAT TOM SAYERS' SUPPLEMENT

Special copies of this magnificent picture, printed in eight colors, suitable for framing, will be mailed on receipt of 75 cents. No saloon, sporting rendezvous, barber shop or restaurant should be without one.

RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher,  
Franklin Square and Dover St., New York.

J. K. E., Springfield, Mass.—No.  
D. J., Albany, N. Y.—In Dundalk, Ireland.  
F. K., Irving, Wis.—Stamps received all right.  
J. M., Scranton, Pa.—Smuggler's best record is 2:15 1/2.  
H. W., Baltimore, Md.—1. No. 2. Maud S.'s time is 2:10 1/2.

L. & Co., Troy, N. Y.—We understand she is in Paris.

J. H. H., Topeka, Kansas.—They fought with hard gloves.

J. E., Rico, Colo.—We don't publish the address of actresses.

S. D. P., Abingdon, Iowa.—Send \$1 and we will forward you a book.

R. D., Jackson.—Send full address and we will publish your challenge.

H. T. J., Peterion.—It was the original James Elliott and not an impostor.

M. S., Baltimore, Md.—Bill Poole was shot Feb. 25, 1855. He died March 8, 1855.

A REGULAR SUBSCRIBER.—A. wins; John C. Heenan never won a prize fight.

E. P. G., Portsmouth, Va.—1. No. John L. Sullivan hailed from the Highlands. 2. Yes.

CONSTANT READER, Lynn, Mass.—John C. Heenan never won a fight in the prize ring.

M. G., Rochester, N. Y.—"Maori," pronounced Mowrie, means a tribe in New Zealand.

C. H., Cleveland, Ohio.—The length of the Great Eastern is 600 feet, breadth 50 ft., tonnage 12,000.

T. R. K., Canton, Ohio.—Write to John L. Sullivan, care Patsey Sheppard, Hayward Place, Boston, Mass.

S. W., Rochester, N. Y.—1. Tom Spring, the English pugilist, is buried in Norwood cemetery, England. 2. No.

E. W., New Bedford, Mass.—Inquire of Broad street Mercantile Agency. We cannot endorse any firm's stability.

S. W., Louisville Ky.—Fred Archer's first mount was on Athol Daisy at Chesterfield, England, in September, 1870.

S. W., Elmira, N. Y.—American Girl never beat Goldsmith Maid. The latter beat American Girl in every race they trotted.

E. E. M., Carrolltown, Mo.—Write to John Woods, 209 Bowery, N. Y. He will furnish you with all sporting and theatrical pictures.

M. W., Baltimore, Md.—In playing euchre you are allowed to tell your partner to take up the trump and that you will "play it alone."

SUBSCRIBER, Ansonia, Conn.—It depends entirely on the state of the sea. In ordinary weather she would ride on three or four waves.

SUBSCRIBER, St. Paul.—Joe Coburn was not released from prison conditionally. He served out his time, less what was deducted for good conduct.

C. O. D., Newark, N. J.—You are right; Joe Coburn and Harry Gribbin fought in Canada, Nov. 13, 1857. Coburn won in 21 rounds lasting 30 minutes.

W. S., Washington, D. C.—1. No. 2. Yes. 3. Some of the noted horses with a record from one to four miles in this country are Glorif, Eole, George Kinney, Pizarro and Barnes.

T. S., Ellendale, D. T.—A round means when a pugilist is either knocked down by a blow or thrown by his antagonist, then the men are taken to their corners and allowed thirty seconds before time is called for the next round.

SUBSCRIBER, New York.—There are so many wrestlers claiming to be the champion Gascio-Roman wrestler that it is a hard matter to decide who is the most expert at the game. In our opinion Clarence Whistler, of Kansas, has the best claim to the title.

G. G., Troy, N. Y.—Paddy Ryan and Jimmy Elliott were never matched to fight. 2. Prior to the arranging of the match between Joe Goss and Paddy Ryan Elliott challenged the latter and Ryan made the match with Goss, giving him the preference.

J. P. W., Antrim, Pa.—The best running record for ten miles was made by L. Bennett, London, England, April 3, 1863, viz, 51m. 23s. Wm. Steele ran his ten miles at Boston, Mass., in 51m. 23s. W. G. George, who competed against L. E. Myers in the international races, ran ten miles in 52m. 56 1/2s., at Birmingham, Eng., May 1, 1882.

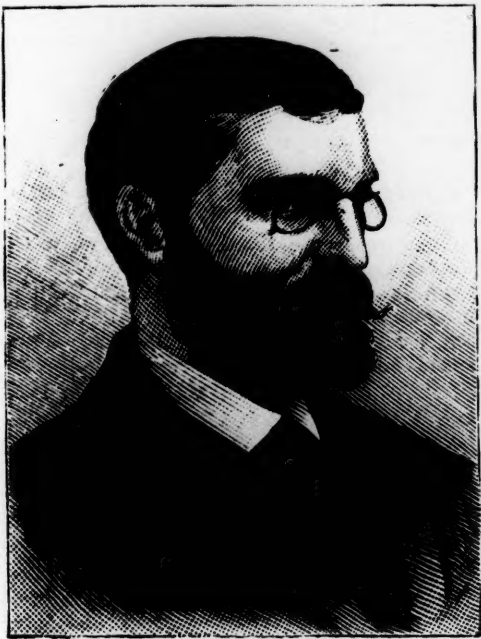
F. K., San Antonio, Texas.—Jumbo, P. T. Barnum's great elephant, arrived in New York from London, Eng., on board the steamship Assyrian Monarch on Sunday, April 9, 1882, and was taken to Madison Square Garden, 27th street and 4th avenue, the same night, where he was put on exhibition with the Barnum and London show the following Monday afternoon.

D. L. G., Kalamazoo.—Edward Stokes was first brought to trial on June 19, 1872. The jury disagreed, standing seven for murder and five for acquittal. The case came up again on Dec. 13. The verdict this time was guilty and on the anniversary of his crime, Jan. 6, 1873, he was sentenced to be hanged on Feb. 28 following. He got a new trial on Oct. 13, 1873, and the result of this trial was that he was sentenced to four years in state prison.

J. W., Boston, Mass.—Harvard and Yale college crews rowed seven races in eight oared shells since 1875. 2. The following is the record: 1876, June 30, Springfield, Mass., Yale 22m. 28s., Harvard 22m. 31s.; 1877, June 30, Springfield, Mass., Harvard 24m. 30s., Yale 24m. 43s.; 1878, June 23, New London, Conn., Harvard 20m. 45s., Yale 22m. 15s.; 1879, June 27, New London, Conn., Harvard 22m. 15s., Yale 23m. 58s.; 1880, July 1, New London, Conn., Yale 24m. 27s., Harvard 25m. 9s.; 1881, July 1, New London, Conn., Yale 22m. 13s., Harvard 22m. 19s.; 1882, June 30, New London, Conn., Harvard 20m. 47 1/2s., Yale 20m. 50 1/2s.

**Theodora de Gellert.**

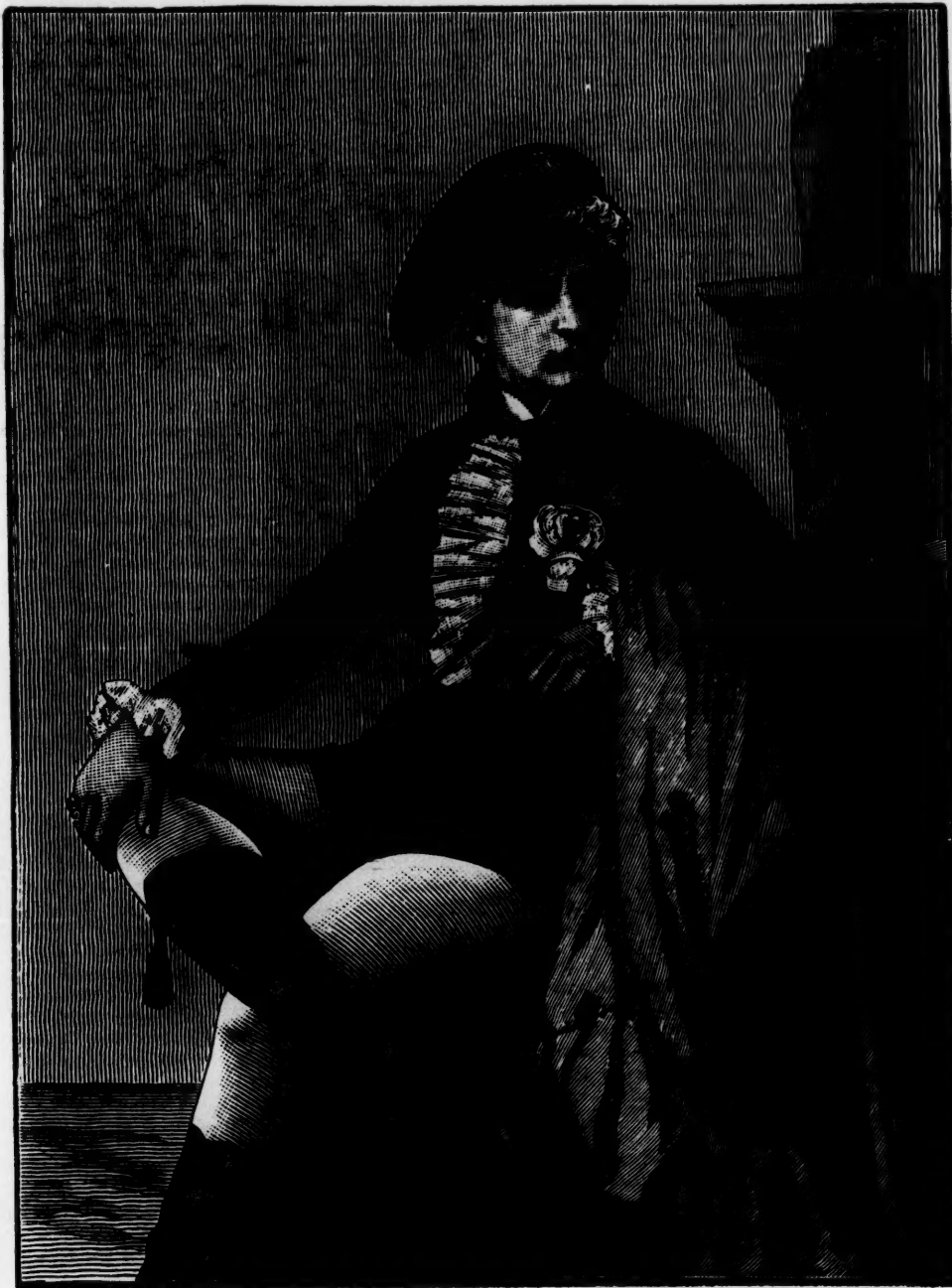
Among the few really artistic artists of the ballet who have graced our stage since the time of Elslie and Taglioni, Mlle. Theodora de Gellert must rank with the foremost. The daughter of Arnold de Gellert, ballet master of the Imperial Theatre at Moscow, she was born in Warsaw, and made her debut at the age of nine on the occasion of the first visit of the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh to Russia, in St. Petersburg. Thence her father removed her to Paris where she was devoted for two years to the serious study of her art, which is a part of the French system. After an arduous but effective course of study she



P. J. SHERIDAN,

THE IRISH PATRIOT WHOSE EXTRADITION THE BRITISH GOVERNMENT DEMANDS.

crossed the channel making her debut in London in 1870 and being extremely well received in a Christmas pantomime entitled "The Fairies' Home." Her second appearance was in a grand production of "Yolande" and the London Era, speaking of her performance, says: "She had not a word to speak, but her every movement was full of meaning, every gesture was replete with grace and expression." Her third appearance was in the military ballet, entitled the "Ballet of Jewels." The London Figaro said of her performance of the principal part, The Colonel: "The directors of the Alhambra have possessed, it seems, without knowing it, for a year or two past, a magnificent

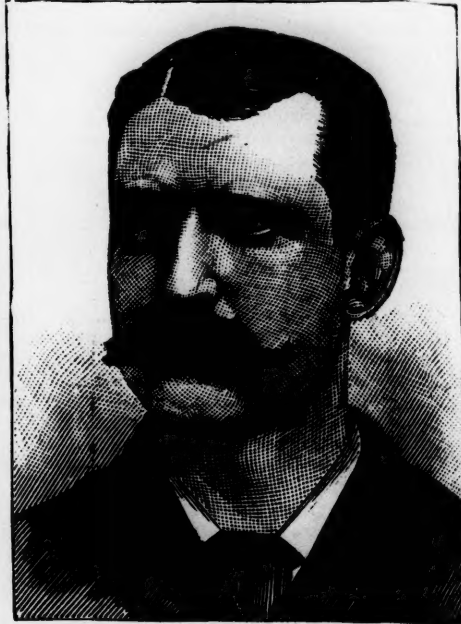


THE POLICE GAZETTE'S GALLERY OF FOOTLIGHT FAVORITES.

**THEODORA DE GELLERT.**

danseuse whose equal I have not seen on the London stage. Her dancing is the poetry of motion personified." On the production of "Carmen," on October 21, 1879, the London Tele-

graph said: "Mlle. de Gellert impersonates the fascinated young soldier, Don Jose. In the art of pantomime she is facile princess. She disarms the severest critics." She followed up the good impression she had made on the London public by a series of successes playing the leading roles in the grand ballet productions for which the late Royal Alhambra made a world-wide reputation: "Diana," "The Tambour Major," "The Alpine Brigands," "Endymion," "The Bronze Horse," "Mephistopheles II." and numerous other performances enhanced her standing. From the London stage she came to America under engagement to the Kivallys. Her triumphs with them set her among the foremost danseuses whom our theatres have known, and she terminated a season, which she began as a newcomer, as one of the footlight favorites of the generation. Mlle. de Gellert left



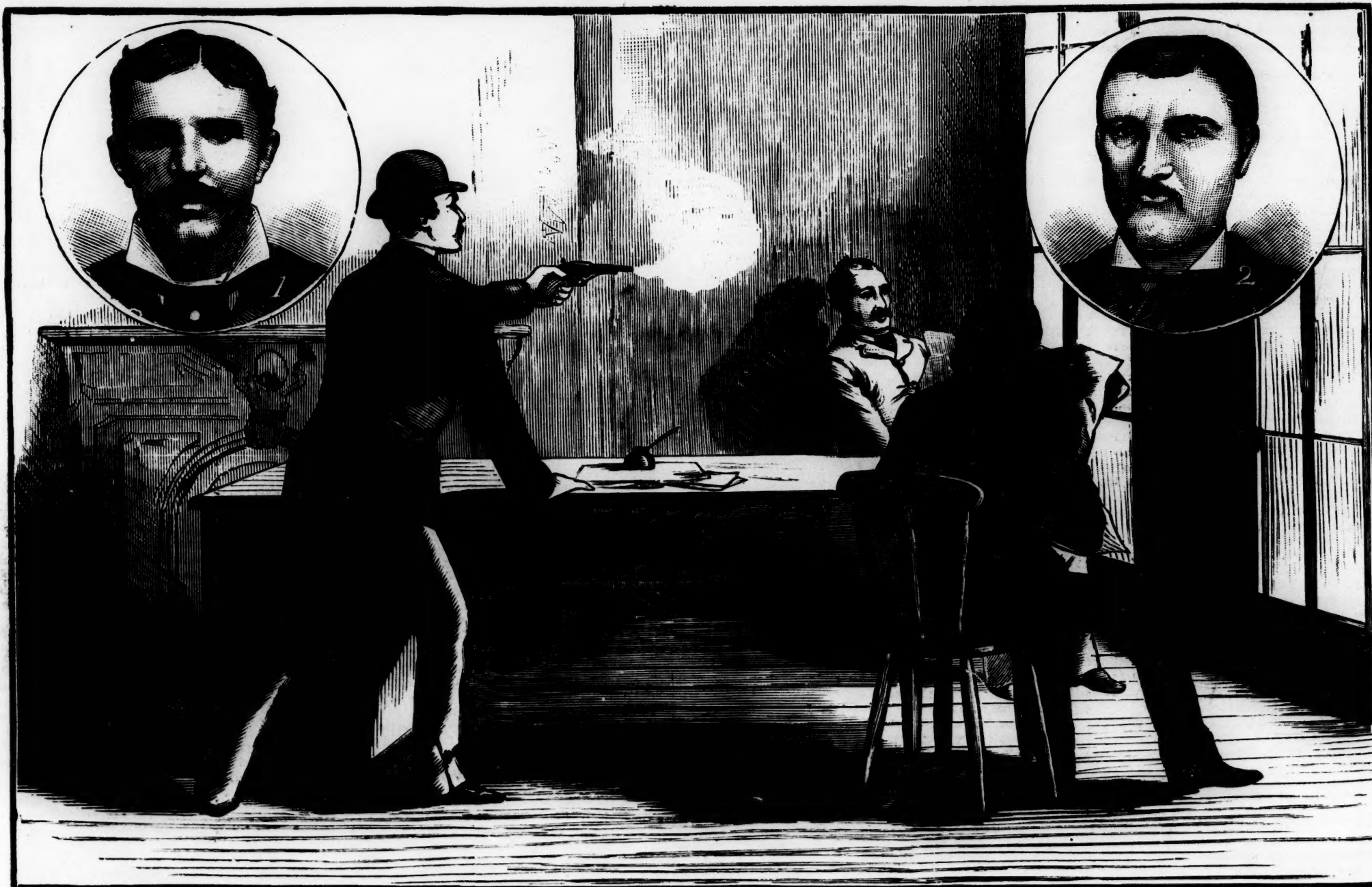
THOMAS STEWART,

A FAMED SECRET SERVICE AGENT, OF SCRANTON, PA.

America two weeks back to commence a season as leading danseuse at Her Majesty's Theatre, London, on Easter Monday.

**Thomas Stewart.**

The subject of this sketch is a native of Pennsylvania, aged about thirty years, eleven of which he has spent in the service as a secret service agent, having his headquarters at Scranton, Pa. He is the hero of many romantic adventures in the line of his perilous duties, is a sport in his off-hours, and an officer with the best of records for shrewdness and courage as a general detective.



A POLICE TRAGEDY.

OFFICER CASEY, INSPIRED BY A SECRET JEALOUSY, SUDDENLY ATTACKS AND KILLS ROUNDSMAN COMISKY IN THE STATION HOUSE AT HUNTER'S POINT, L. I. 1—ROUNDSMAN RICHARD COMISKY. 2—OFFICER PATRICK CASEY.

**An Amazonian Slogger.**

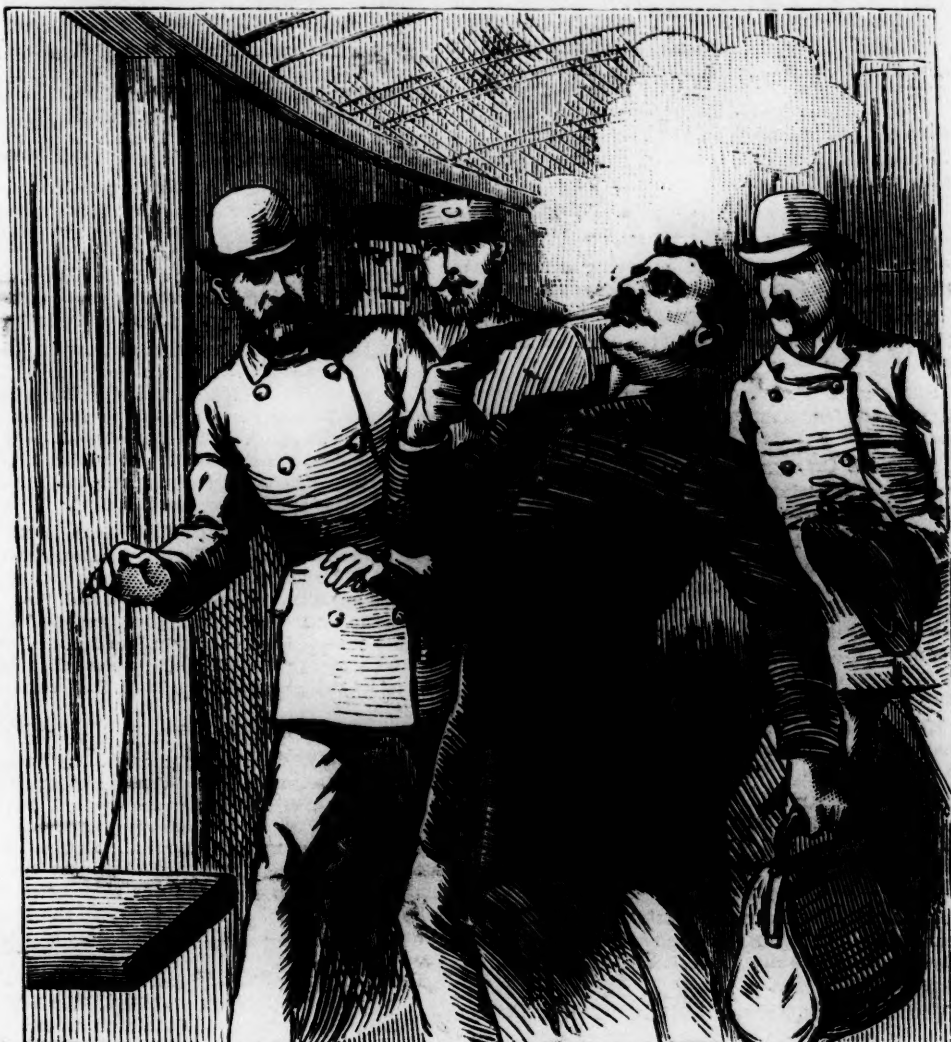
It is a tough life, that of the New York newsboy, as many a prosperous greybeard who has gone through the mill himself can verify. Since their time, however, there has been added to the newsboy the newsgirl and if the boy's lot is a hard one imagine what must be the girl's. The tendency of the latter must naturally be towards Amazonian development to enable them to hold their own with the rough boys who are their rivals in trade. That they do this and more is frequently verified under the most casual public observation, but an event in Park



EDWARD A. CONDIT,

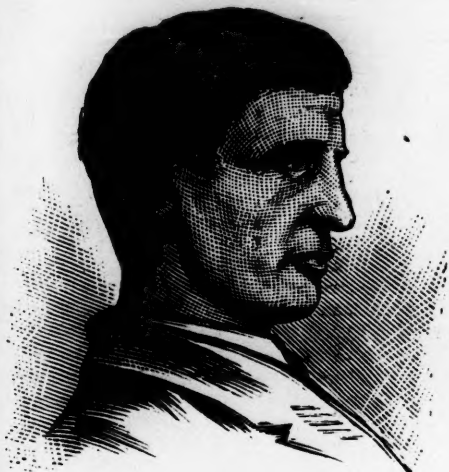
AN ARTFUL SWINDLER, CAPTURED BY INSPECTOR BYRNES IN NEW YORK.

the street with him to the post office. There the bandit was brought to a stand and as his small victim refused to release him he proceeded to beat him unmercifully. At this juncture there rushed on the scene a tattered, bedraggled girl aged about thirteen. She inquired breathlessly what was the matter and received a reply from the other girls that "Bones was licking a little feller." Thereupon the Amazon handed her papers to a small boy and sailed into "Bones." She was smaller than her antagonist but she had sand and made the prettiest fight you ever saw. She fastened



AN IMMIGRANT'S TRAGEDY.

AN EMBEZZLER FROM GERMANY MET BY AN OFFICER ON AN ARRIVING STEAMER COMMITS SUICIDE.



PASQUALE MAJONE,

EXECUTED AT THE NEW YORK TOMBS FOR THE MURDER OF HIS WIFE AND MOTHER-IN-LAW.



MICHAEL MCGLOIN,

HANGED IN THE TOMBS FOR THE MURDER OF LOUIS HANIER.

Row on Saturday evening, March 3, is worthy of mention. It was 5 P. M., the hour when the newsboys are most clamorous in their attempts to float the evening papers on the market. A small boy aged about ten years was seated in a doorway counting the pennies he had made. Up came a tattered urchin about three or four years older and snatching the money ran away with it. The little fellow, however, got a good grip of the robber's rags and was dragged across

one hand in "Bones'" hair and slogged him in the most approved fashion, bringing the blood from his nose and mouth at every lick. She was a daisy, and game, too. He was fought to a standstill at every point and in a round or two was thoroughly thrashed and cried enough, to the evident dissatisfaction of the fierce Amazon, who had apparently only just got warmed up to her work. She had just made him give up the money he had stolen and had threat-

ened to give him a worse dose if he ever touched that wretched little boy, when the cry, "Cheese it, the cop!" scattered the crowd and she dodged into the post office corridor and made her escape through the crowd. When that girl grows up to womanhood and has a husband he'll respect her, you bet, or she'll know the reason why.

**His Career of Crime Cut Short.**

Edward A. Condit was arrested in a Greene street bagnio, New York, by Inspector Byrnes' detectives on March 2 on a charge of having perpetrated a series of very successful swindles on down-town grain and stock speculators. His plan was to buy stock from a firm with fictitious checks on the Orange Savings Bank, Orange, N. J., and then make himself scarce. Among his victims were the following firms: Atterbury & Tillinghast, who suffered to the extent of \$3,000; Pollock & Bixby, by \$1,800; L. Horton & Co., \$800; Wm. Heath & Co., \$1,200;

S. G. Quinlan & Co., \$400; C. L. Simpson & Co., \$1,000; John DeMott & Durant, \$400.

**Another Christian Scandal.**

On Feb. 27 church circles in Philadelphia were agitated by a cowhiding administered to Benjamin Butterworth by Samuel E. Willis. The trouble originated the previous Sunday. Shortly after the noonday hour on that day a bright 8 year old daughter of Mr. Willis left home to attend Sunday school in the Haddington M. E. church at 63d and Hamilton sts. The child arrived at the church building earlier than the usual time and found the doors locked. She had been there but a short time when Mr. Butterworth, who had charge of the keys, admitted her. After the exercises the child returned home and made charges of ungentlemanly conduct against Butterworth. Willis bought a rawhide and thrashed Butterworth in the street. There is to be a church investigation of the case.



AN AMAZONIAN SLOGGER.

"BONES," A BULLY NEWSBOY OF GOTHAM, IS BEATEN IN A FIGHT ON PARK ROW WITH A PLUCKY LITTLE NEWSGIRL.



A CHUMP LOVER.

HE ALLOWS HIS GIRL'S UNCLE TO DRAG HER OUT OF HIS SLEIGH NEAR COCKEYVILLE, PA., AND LEAVES HER TO WALK HOME.

## SPORTING NEWS.

## THE GREAT TOM SAYERS' SUPPLEMENT

Special copies of this magnificent picture, printed in colors, for framing, will be mailed on receipt of 75 cents. No saloon, sporting rendezvous or restaurant should be without one. Address

RICHARD K. FOX, Proprietor,  
Franklin Square and Dover St., New York.

JOE BEARD, the noted sporting man, now keeps the White Elephant at Baltimore, Md.

THE Trotting Horse Breeders' Association have opened a new stake called the Stallion Biennial Stakes.

SOME good boxing was shown at the benefit tendered to Jim Campbell, at Harry Hill's theatre, recently.

ARTHUR CHAMBERS, the promoter of dog racing in Philadelphia, is now the possessor of one of the fastest dog racers in the country.

THE "English Sporting Mirror" is a capital reference book, and Harry Etherington, its editor, crowds a great amount of interesting matter into the work.

FOR taking part in a prize fight at Arbrook Common, Essex, Eng., Dec. 30, James Hooper has been sentenced to two months' imprisonment with hard labor.

Now that George Hazael has returned to this country he will, no doubt, give John Hughes a chance to run him 24 hours. Hughes is ready to run Hazael that distance.

JOHN MEAGHER, the champion short distance walker, challenges E. C. Holske to walk for any amount any distance. He offers to give him 40 yards start in ten miles.

BARGOSI, the French pedestrian, who, a few years ago, ran George Hazael and was defeated in a fifty-mile race, is to run from Rome to Paris for a wager of 10,000 francs.

VIGNAUX, the French billiardist, is making some big runs in his practice games with Sexton. In one evening's playing recently he made three runs of over one hundred each.

In the billiard match in England between Wm. Cook and Wm. Mitchell, 3,000 points, for \$500, the latter made the great run of 739, the largest break ever made in a match for money.

THE latest sensation in Paris is wrestling by female experts. At the Folies Bergere four of these athletic amazons wrestle French style (Grec-Roman) every night, and meet with great success.

THE following are the entries for the Chinnery regatta to be held on the Thames: G. Bubeard, Dave Godwin, Lew Gibson, Rix Brightwell and Follett. George Lee's name is not mentioned.

ROSE FRANKLIN, the pioneer female boxer, is now living in Kansas. She forwards a challenge to the POLICE GAZETTE offering to box Daisy Dally or Alice Jennings for the championship of America.

THE wrestling match between Smith of Shenandoah and an unknown of Glardville ended in a fizzle. Wm. Lewis, a noted sport, bet \$100 on the result, but the party who held the money made his escape.

THE two hours' walking match for \$250 a side between Arthur Hancock and W. Raby, which should have taken place at Little Bridge grounds, London, England, on February 5, ended in a forfeit on the part of Raby.

GUS HILL has become so disgusted that Chas. H. Hoey of Natick, Mass., will not arrange a match with him to swing clubs that he has withdrawn the deposit he posted with his challenge and claims that Hoey is a blower.

CARROLL, the genial sporting man of Baltimore, who was the referee in the last Edwards and Collier prize fight for the light-weight championship, is warden of the almshouse of Baltimore and he is a humane official.

PROF. WM. MCCLELLAN is up for a benefit at Madison Square Garden. Sporting men should patronize the sporting boniface of John street, especially as McClellan's pupil, Joe Pendergast, will appear and stand ready to box anyone.

TOM ALLEN, the ex-champion pugilist, was recently tendered a benefit at St. Louis. Allen did not show the form his many friends supposed he would, and it is very doubtful if Fred Watkins would now match him against either Slade or Sullivan.

GUS GRAB, the well known amateur club swinger, called at the POLICE GAZETTE office on March 5 ready to arrange a club swinging match with Joe Harris, who had challenged him. The latter was, however, non est. Grab was ready to arrange a match.

THE two hours' go-as-you-please race at Manistique, Mich., on March 2, had seven starters, Hiram Smith, Joe Muscoda, Indian; Asher Fox, Silas Garrison, Joseph Sheets, Thomas Connerty and Adelbert Rayzee. The latter won, covering nearly 14 miles. Thomas Connerty was second and Asher Fox third.

THE latest sporting arrival from England is Thomas Connor, the English wrestler. He stands 5ft. 8 1/2 in. in height, weighs 160 lbs. and is 22 years of age. Connor has been matched to wrestle Joe Acton catch-as-catch can at Pastime Park, Philadelphia, on April 7 for \$500 a side and the championship of America.

HOYLE and Acton's great all American 135-yard foot handicap—first prize \$200 second prize \$50, third prize \$25, fourth prize \$15—will be run at Pastime Park, Philadelphia, on Easter Monday and Tuesday March 26 and 27. Entrance fee \$1. First heat at 3 p. m. Sheffield rules to govern. Arthur Chambers will act as referee.

GALLAGHER defeated Maggioni at Chicago, on March 5, in the afternoon game in the balk line billiard tournament by a score of 500 points to 265. The best runs were: Gallagher 76, Maggioni 46. The evening game was won by Heiser, defeating Wallace by a score of 500 to 408. The winner's best run was 57 and the loser's 87.

OF all the sensations that have been through the oil country the Mace and Slade combination has taken the cake. Long before the POLICE GAZETTE variety troupe and champion athletes arrive in each town large crowds assemble to see Mace and the New

Zealand giant, Slade, and their reception is in the form of an ovation.

MR. WARREN, of Liverpool, owner of the 15-ton cutter Maggie, now of Boston, has given instructions to Hatcher, Clifford & Co., Southampton, England, to build a 13-foot centre-board boat of mahogany, for racing in American waters. We would like to see a fleet from the other side. There will be no trouble in arranging matches.

ON March 5, in a sporting saloon in New York city, Wm. Sexton, the billiard boniface of the Bowery, measured cues with Maurice Vignaux, the French champion. Mark Twain introduced the experts. They played a game of 300 points up, the three ball balk line new rules governing the contest. Vignaux won the game by 169 points.

HARMON, the Utah slugger, now in Chicago, lived in Salt Lake, U. T., until a few years ago when he went south as a freighter. Three years ago he returned up in Salt Lake city as a delegate to the semi-annual Mormon conference. It is reported that he does not intend to fight any one, but is advertising himself for the purpose of getting an engagement in a museum as a giant. He is over seven feet in height.

DENNY COSTIGAN, one of New York's pet boxers, had a first-class "ben" at Harry Hill's recently. Keenan of Philadelphia was to have appeared to wind up with Costigan but failed to do so. Costigan set to with the latest importation, the "Stiff Un" from Norwich, Eng., formerly Jem Mace's Pot Boy. Costigan bested the "Stiff Un," much to the surprise of the talent, who supposed the "Stiff Un" would down Costigan.

THE Rochester Driving Park have decided to have two special trotting races on the installment plan, to be decided in August during the circuit. The first purse is of \$3,000 for three minute trotters, and the second is of \$2,000 for three-minute pacers, each to be divided into four moneys as usual. Entries close on May 1, the conditions of payment being, at the time of nomination 2 1/2 per cent., and the same percentage to follow on June 15, July 30 and August 13. The withdrawal of any horse entails the forfeiture of whatever has been paid.

THE following explains itself:

BOSTON, MASS., March 8, 1883.  
To the Sporting Editor of the POLICE GAZETTE:  
SIR: Having seen in the last issue of your valuable paper a challenge from John Williams, who claims to be the champion swimmer of the world, and is anxious to make a match to swim any man in the world, I hereby challenge Mr. Williams or any other man in the world to swim me a match from one to five miles within six weeks from date, for from \$100 to \$500 a side. If Mr. Williams or any other would-be champion of the art of swimming mean business I am ready and anxious to hear from them. My money and address, where I can always be found, is at Patsy Sheppard's  
"THE ABBEY,"  
16 Hayward Place, Boston, Mass.

WE understand that the Southern fanciers who recently arranged the great cocking main between the north and south, are eager for another tilt, as will be seen by the following offer:

To the Sporting Editor of the POLICE GAZETTE:  
DEAR SIR: Seeing an article in the daily News that the Louisville party were not satisfied with the result of the last main and wanted to make one more for double the money, I will make a main with them for any amount they may wish, to fight National Association rules, 1 1/4 in. heels fair and round from point to socket, and go half way to meet them. If this suits they can make the main by placing a forfeit in the hands of Richard K. Fox, proprietor of the POLICE GAZETTE. Respectfully yours,  
J. W. LOVE.

JUST before the POLICE GAZETTE went to press, John McMahon called and posted \$150, and instructed us to publish the following:

To the Sporting Editor of the POLICE GAZETTE:  
SIR: Your letter received in reference to L. L. Burton's challenge. In reply please state that I will wrestle L. L. Burton, of Fuller's Camp, Roscommon County, Mich., collar-and-elbow. POLICE GAZETTE rules, for \$500 and no less, and to prove I mean business I have posted \$150 with Richard K. Fox. If Burton means business let him forward \$500 and articles of agreement to Richard K. Fox. The match to take place in New York during the time Barnum's Circus is in town, as I am under an engagement to that gentleman to give wrestling exhibitions. Burton's challenge escaped my attention before.  
JOHN MCMAHON,  
Champion Collar-and-Elbow Wrestler.

MR. CHARLES A. NEEDHAM, of the Mississippi Valley Amateur Rowing Association, states that it is the intention of the body to which he belongs, to make Pullman and Chicago the "centre of western sports." The professional regatta, he adds, will occur about June 15 or 20, and all the noted scullers of the country will be there. "I have here with me now letters from Hanlan, the champion, Wallace Ross, Riley, Plalsted, Hosmer, Hamm, Conley, Kennedy and Lee. The latter is in England, as you can see from his letter, and he states that he will return to America about April 10. He intends to row in all the principal professional regattas in this country, and will surely row at Pullman. He says he has offered a challenge to row any oarsman in England for \$1,000, but Hanlan has scared them out on Americans, and he can get no takers. Ross says he thinks the regatta could be made a grand success, and he is willing to come, and wants us to keep the entire management of the affair in our own hands, and not let any professionals in, as that might spoil all. Now, then, we also want to make a championship match between Ross and Hanlan. Failing in this, we would like to see Fred Plalsted row a two-mile race with Hanlan."

AN impromptu wrestling match was arranged at the POLICE GAZETTE office on March 6 between John McMahon, the champion collar-and-elbow wrestler's unknown of Vermont, and Michael Donahue of Brooklyn, the light-weight champion wrestler. The rival athletes signed articles of agreement to wrestle collar-and-elbow, best two in three fair back falls, according to the POLICE GAZETTE rules of collar and elbow wrestling, for \$250 a side and the light-weight championship. A deposit of \$100 a side was deposited with Richard K. Fox, of the POLICE GAZETTE, who was chosen final stakeholder. The match was decided on Friday evening, March 16, at Wood's Athletic Club grounds, corner North Ninth and Second street, Williamsburg, N. Y. The final deposit of \$150 a side was posted with the stakeholder at the POLICE GAZETTE office on Monday, March 11. A large crowd of sporting men were present when the match was arranged and McMahon

and Donahue agreed upon John Shanley, the proprietor of the Alhambra sporting house of Brooklyn, E. D., for referee. Donahue has never been defeated, but McMahon thinks his champion will do the business this time.

At the meeting of the American College Base Ball Association at Springfield, Mass., March 2, the following schedule of games was decided on:

May 5, Harvard vs. Brown, at Providence.  
May 5, Amherst vs. Yale, at New Haven.  
May 11, Brown vs. Amherst, at Amherst.  
May 12, Harvard vs. Yale, at New Haven.  
May 14, Harvard vs. Amherst, at Amherst.  
May 18, Harvard vs. Princeton, at Princeton.  
May 19, Harvard vs. Princeton, at Princeton.  
May 19, Yale vs. Brown, at Providence.  
May 23, Brown vs. Harvard, at Cambridge.  
May 23, Amherst vs. Princeton, at New York.  
May 24, Amherst vs. Princeton, at Princeton.  
May 26, Yale vs. Harvard, at Cambridge.  
May 28, Brown vs. Princeton, at Princeton.  
May 30, Yale vs. Princeton, at New York.  
May 30, Amherst vs. Harvard, at Cambridge.  
June 1, Princeton vs. Harvard, at Cambridge.  
June 2, Princeton vs. Harvard, at Cambridge.  
June 2, Brown vs. Yale, at New Haven.  
June 4, Princeton vs. Brown, at Providence.  
June 6, Brown vs. Harvard, at Cambridge.  
June 8, Amherst vs. Brown, at Providence.  
June 13, Yale vs. Amherst, at Amherst.  
June 19, Princeton vs. Yale, at New York.  
June 20, Brown vs. Harvard, at Providence.  
June 21, Yale vs. Harvard, at Cambridge.  
June 26, Harvard vs. Yale, at New Haven.

THE following letter will dispose of a scandal that has been circulated in a sneaking manner for some weeks:

BOSTON, MASS., March 6, 1883.

Richard K. Fox, Esq.:

DEAR SIR: My attention has been called to an article published in the Cincinnati Enquirer in reference to the prize fight between Paddy Ryan and John L. Sullivan, in which you backed the former for \$2,500 and gave him \$1,000 to bet after he was in the ring. The report states that you sent two men, one from New York and one from Boston, to bet your money on Sullivan. I pronounce the statement to be a deliberate lie, for it was my money that was bet in Troy, N. Y., and no one else had any claim to a dollar of it. I will bet \$5,000 that what I say is true, and I can also prove that the New York sporting man is my friend, Frank Stevenson, and that he went from New York in my interest, and to bet my money and not yours. I was consistently betting on Sullivan and against you. I telegraphed to Stevenson to meet my son in Albany to see that the money was placed to good advantage. Hoping that you will publish this information in the POLICE GAZETTE for a certain class of busy bodies and liars who pretend they know everybody's business but don't know their own.  
Yours truly,  
JAMES KEENAN,  
95 Portland st., Boston, Mass.

HARRY LEWIS and P. J. Cannon have been matched to run. We now hold \$600 and the following gives all particulars:

CENTRAL HOTEL, FREELAND, PA., March 3, 1883.  
Articles of Agreement entered into this 3d day of March, 1883, between Harry Lewis of Plains, Pa., and P. J. Cannon of Drifton, Pa. Agreed to run a foot race of one hundred and fifty yards for the sum of \$500 a side, open for \$1,000 a side. To start by the first report of a pistol, the pistol firer to see that both men are on the scratch before he fires the pistol. Pistol firer to stand five yards behind the runners. If both men leave the scratch before the pistol is fired it's deemed a race. Each runner to choose a judge and those two judges to select a pistol firer and referee on day of race. Race to be run on Thursday, April 26, 1883, between the hours of two and three p. m., said race to be run in Hazleton Park, if said park can be procured; if not, in some other park to be mutually agreed upon. Richard K. Fox, proprietor of the POLICE GAZETTE, to be final stakeholder, in whose hands is now deposited six hundred dollars on account of said match. The next and final deposit of two hundred dollars a side to be made on the 24th day of April in the hands of final stakeholder. Stake moneys to be given to the winner according to the decision of the referee. Either party failing to comply with the above conditions to forfeit all moneys down.  
Witness for Cannon: (Signed) HARRY LEWIS,  
JOHN J. MEIGHAN.  
Witness for Lewis, WM. S. WILLIAMS.

THERE are now four professional base ball associations—the National League, the American, the Northwestern League, and the American Alliance. Each association is formed of eight clubs, and in the 32 clubs no less than 327 players are engaged. Some of the nines, especially those of the American Alliance and Northwestern League, have not yet engaged their full list of players, and when all the positions in the different clubs are filled it is thought the number of players will reach about 370. The average salary paid players for their six months' work in the field is about \$1,000. The League, which is composed of nines representing New York, Chicago, Boston, Buffalo, Cleveland, Detroit, Philadelphia and Providence, has secured the services of 93 players. In this association the better class of players is engaged, and in consequence higher salaries are paid. The Metropolitan, of New York; St. Louis, Cincinnati, Columbus, Louisville, Allegheny, of Pittsburgh; Athletics, of Philadelphia, and Baltimore clubs compose the American Association. This organization has also 93 players in its ranks, but their salary lists, in most instances, are not so large as those of the League. Clubs belonging to Bay City, Fort Wayne, Grand Rapids, East Saginaw, Toledo, Quincy, Peoria, and Springfield, Ill., form what is known as the Northwestern League. Thus far 74 players, the majority of whom are novices, have signed contracts with this association. This will be the first year of its existence, and the men engaged cannot command large salaries. The American Alliance is composed of the Brooklyn; Active, of Reading; Anthracite of Pottsville; Harrisburg; Shamrock, of Cincinnati; Merritt, of Camden; Quickstep, of Wilmington, and Star of Covington, Ky., clubs. In this association, with the exception of the Brooklyn Club, the nines are not composed of the most skilled players. These eight clubs have engaged only 67 players, but the majority of them have their full nines in view, and will soon sign contracts with the number of men necessary.

ON March 5 Richard K. Fox, proprietor of the POLICE GAZETTE, decided to give his aid to the experts of the base ball field, with the view of stimulating the players to renewed efforts and increasing the popular interest in the national game. With this design Mr. Fox has decided to offer a number of val-

uable prizes for both amateur and professional base ball players during the coming campaign which opens in April. The following are the trophies: A valuable champion pennant to be awarded to the base ball club belonging to the League association that shall win the most games during the League campaign. The trophy will be an elegant and valuable banner to be known as the POLICE GAZETTE Champion Pennant, representing the professional base ball championship of America. This trophy, valued at \$500, will become the property of the club winning the greater number of the regular championship games during the season of 1883. It will be presented to the victorious club at Madison Square Garden, New York, at the end of the season. The design of the trophy will be shortly published in the POLICE GAZETTE.

In order to encourage the many experts of the national game playing in the League association, there will also be offered a POLICE GAZETTE champion medal to the player who makes the best batting average, a medal to the player who makes the most runs and a medal to the player who makes the highest average. The last three prizes will be awarded to only players who belong to clubs that belong to the League association. There will also be offered a valuable prize to the regular amateur club that shall win the most games during the season. This trophy will be the POLICE GAZETTE Amateur Champion Gold Ball. These liberal offers will doubtless stir up the base ball experts to a brisk rivalry on all sides. No expense will be spared and it is promised that these prizes shall be the most costly and beautiful ever offered as incentives to rivalry in any field of athletic sports.

THE next great sporting event which is attracting considerable attention throughout the country is the wrestling match for \$1,000 and the championship of the world between Joe Acton (the Little Demon) of Philadelphia, and Noah Mankinson, Philadelphia's "Unknown," which is to be decided on April 7, at Pastime Park, Philadelphia. Arthur Chambers is finding the five hundred dollars for Acton, while Noah Mankinson is to put up the same amount for his Unknown. Richard K. Fox, of the POLICE GAZETTE, is the final stakeholder. The following are the articles of agreement that have been received at the POLICE GAZETTE office with the first deposit of \$100 a side:

Articles of Agreement entered into this 19th day of February, 1883, between James Hadfield's unknown and Joseph Acton to wrestle Lancashire fashion for \$500 a side. We, the said unknown of the first part and Joseph Acton of the second part, hereby agree to wrestle the best three back falls, Lancashire fashion, at the Pastime Park grounds for \$500 a side, on Saturday, the 7th day of April, 1883. The wrestle to be governed by the rules attached to these articles, unless otherwise stipulated. The money to be deposited in the hands of the stakeholder, Richard K. Fox, proprietor of the POLICE GAZETTE. The first deposit to be paid on signing these articles, as follows: first deposit of \$100 a side on Feb. 20 at 8 o'clock p. m.; second deposit of \$100 a side on March 5 by 4 o'clock p. m.; third deposit of \$100 a side on March 12 by 4 o'clock p. m.; fourth deposit of \$100 a side on March 19 by 4 o'clock p. m.; final deposit of \$100 a side on March 26 by 4 o'clock p. m. Catch weight and to be in the ring at 3 o'clock p. m. Ten minutes allowed between each back fall. Richard K. Fox to be final stakeholder and to appoint referee, if not mutually agreed to in 15 minutes. In the event of any question arising which may not be provided for in these articles the referee to have full power and authority to decide such question, his decision to be final and conclusive. The stakeholder shall in any and every case be exonerated from all responsibility upon obeying the direction of the referee. Either party failing to comply with any or all of these articles or breaking the rules attached to forfeit all moneys down. Unknown to be named on Monday, March 5, at 7 p. m., at Noah Mankinson's 2,436 Kensington Avenue. The unknown to receive \$50 for choice of ground.

Witnesses: (Signed) NOAH MANKINSON,  
JOHN TALBOT, for Unknown.  
JAMES SYKES, JOSEPH ACTON.

Temporary stakeholder James Dawson. All bets to go with the stakes.

1.—In all matches the wrestlers must be in stocking feet or barefooted and they will not be permitted to scratch, throttle, pull each other's ears or commit any other unfair acts toward each other. Neither will they be allowed to be rubbed with grease, resin, or any pernicious drug on any part of their bodies. The competitors will be allowed one seconder each, who must not be changed during the continuance of the match, neither will a seconder be allowed to touch his own or his opponent's man while wrestling—touching either competitor while in the act of wrestling will be a disqualification against the offender and his party and the referee shall decide against them. If the wrestlers get entangled with what may be considered the boundary of the ring they shall draw off and renew the contest with the same hold as when they drew off, one minute only allowed.

2.—Should any match not be finished on the day appointed, both wrestlers to meet, weigh and commence wrestling at the same time and place, day by day, Sunday excepted, until the match be finished, except otherwise agreed upon, but in the event of one wrestler gaining a throw in any match and the said match be not finished the wrestler winning the throw to claim the stakes in the absence of any arrangements to continue the match. In the event of a wrestler giving up the match when he has won a back fall the stakes shall be claimed by his opponent.

These articles are conclusive and binding and are not subject to appeal or procedure in any court of law.

ON March 5 Noah Mankinson with his Unknown called at the POLICE GAZETTE office, posted a second deposit and a like amount was posted for Acton. Mankinson had come on from Philadelphia to see the articles of agreement, as he was not certain whether they read "the Unknown to be shown" or "the Unknown to be named." The latter clause was in the agreement and Mankinson was elated because it would allow him to spend some time in Gotham. On the same evening at Mankinson's sporting saloon, 2436 Kensington avenue, Philadelphia, a large crowd assembled to know who was the mysterious Unknown who was to meet the great Acton. It was announced that it was Conner, a new importation from England, and who it is claimed by good judges is in every way Acton's equal if not his superior. One thing is certain, the match is boni fide, and the partisans of the contestants will wager a large amount on the result. If the wrestlers cannot agree on a referee Richard K. Fox will appoint one, so there can be no hitch in the match.

## A LUCKY MERCHANT.

THE WINNER OF ONE-FIFTH OF THE CAPITAL PRIZE OF THE LOUISIANA STATE LOTTERY TURNS OUT TO BE A MAIN STREET MAN.

Lottery prizes are not drawn every day in Louisiana, and it has been some years since the lucky man has appeared in this vicinity. Consequently the announcement, about two weeks since, that part of the capital prize of \$75,000, drawn Feb. 13, in the Louisiana State Lottery, had fallen to a Louisville man, was a surprise to the Louisville community. A good deal of gossip, and speculation has ever since been rife as to who they were. The Louisiana State Lottery draws monthly, and the first prize is \$75,000. The prize of whole tickets is \$5, but one can buy a one-fifth part of a ticket if he so chooses, and on such a small investment of a dollar take his chances of making a neat round sum by the turn of fortune's wheel in his favor. There are a great many people in this city who invest a dollar or so quite regularly in this manner, content enough to wait and watch for the time when their luck may strike a deep vein, as it were, and bring back many thousands more than they may have spent. As is known Crittenden T. Collins, teller of the Second National Bank, held one-fifth of the prize and collected the same for the party who owned the ticket. When first days since, in an interview he stated that a syndicate of ten owned the ticket and that the \$15,000 drawn would therefore be divided between them. Yesterday, however, he admitted that a well known and highly respected wholesale merchant on Main street had been the lucky man, and that the money had been paid over to him, he having held one-fifth of ticket 57,012. The merchant, however, has not given his name for publication, not desiring for reasons of his own, to have any notoriety on the subject.—Louisville, Ky., Commercial, March 1.

## TWO LUCKY PEOPLE.

The announcement a few days since that ticket No. 1341 in the "Original Little Havana" (Gould & Co.'s), decided by the drawing of the Royal Havana Lottery on the 20th of February, had drawn the capital prize, and that it had been sold in this city, created quite an excitement among those who take an interest in such matters, and considerable inquiry was made as to who was the lucky person. The holders of the ticket proved to be a lady in this city, who had got a gentleman to invest in a half ticket, and a merchant in the city, who had purchased the other half. The prize (\$4,500 to each holder) was promptly met on presentation and paid through the office of Eugene Kelly & Co., 45 Exchange Place, New York, on the 20th inst., six days after the drawing. The drawings in the Royal Havana are generally known, are controlled by the Spanish Government, and made under the supervision of the Captain General of Cuba, and the tickets in the "Original Little Havana" (Gould & Co.'s) are decided by them.—Savannah (Ga.) News, March 1, 1883.

## ON THIRTY DAYS' TRIAL.

The Voltaic Belt Company, Marshall, Mich., will send Dr. Dye's celebrated Electro-Voltaic Belts and Electric Appliances on trial for thirty days to men (young or old) who are afflicted with nervous debility, lost vitality and indurated troubles, guaranteeing speedy and complete restoration of health and manly vigor. Address as above. N. B.—No risk is incurred, as thirty days' trial is allowed.

## "ROUGH ON RATS."

Cleats out rats, mice, roaches, flies, ants, bedbugs, skunks, chipmunks, gophers. Fifteen cents. Druggists.

We regard it our duty to all alike to say that as a cure for old sores, cuts and bruises, there is nothing like Carbolic Salve.

**Cuticura Remedies.**—Cuticura Resolvent, the new blood purifier internally, and Cuticura and Cuticura Soap, the great skin cures externally, clear the complexion, cleanse the skin and scalp and purify the blood of every species of itching, scaly, pimply, scrofulous, mercurial and cancerous humors, sores, ulcers, swellings, tumors, abscesses, blood poisons, scurvy, salt rheum, erysipelas and all other torturing disfigurements, skin blemishes and humors of childhood, when physicians, hospitals and all other means fail.

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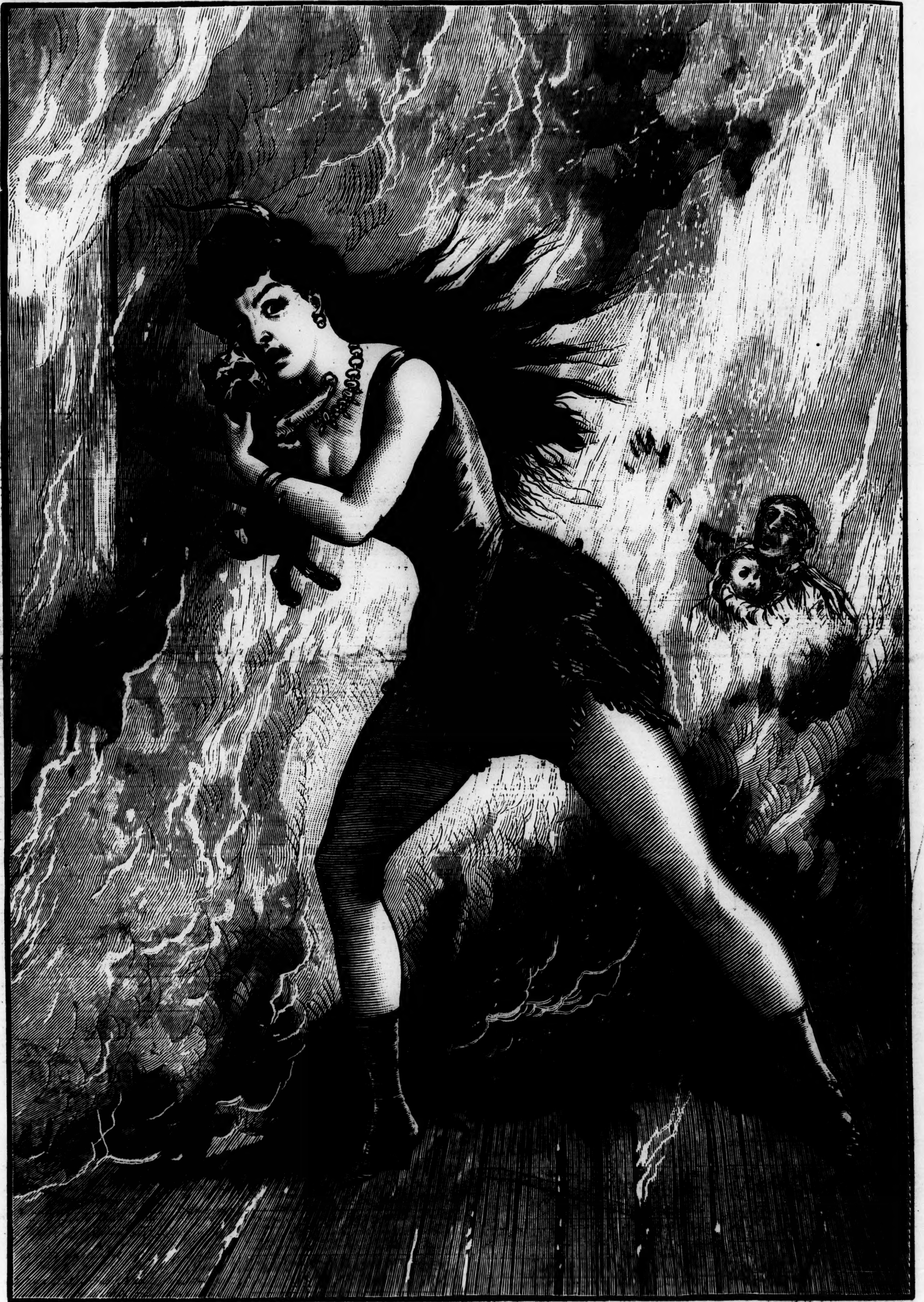
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